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The Nation.

NEW YORK, THURSDAY, OCTOBER 28, 1909.

The Week.

President Taft uses no more emphasis than the case calls for when he declares his absolute opposition to any application of the "pork-barrel" idea to the great sums of money in contemplation for waterways improvement. The log-rolling methods that have heretofore governed in the annual appropriations for rivers and harbors were bad enough when the money had to come out of revenue from current taxation; if anything of the same kind were permitted when the money is raised upon long-time bonds the result would be utterly intolerable. And it is not only the piecemeal log-rolling as between Chicago and St. Louis, or Duluth and New Orleans, that the President objects to. He takes hold of the thing at its beginning, in the proposal to divide the prospective fund between the great sections of the country. "There is a proposition," he says, "that we issue $500,000,000 or $1,000,000,000 of bonds for waterways and then that we just apportion part to the Mississippi and part to the Atlantic, a part to the Missouri and a part to the Ohio. I am opposed to it. I am opposed to it because it not only smells of the pork barrel, but it will be the pork barrel itself. Let every project stand on its own bottom." That is sound doctrine; but nobody knows better than Mr. Taft himself how difficult it will be to devise a method for effectively putting it into practice.

The small proportion of the negro vote in Maryland—one-fifth of the total—is not the only thing that distinguishes the movement for a disfranchising amendment in that State from the like movements in the States further South. In these latter States, negro suffrage was indissolubly connected in the public mind with the corruption and misgovernment of the carpet-bag régime of the years following the civil war; in Maryland, on the contrary, the fight for a fair count of the negro vote was the very centre of the struggle to throw off the long domination of the Gorman-Rasin ring, which, for more than twenty years, held the State and the city of Baltimore in an iron grasp. The foremost leader of the fight for fair elections was Severn Teackle Wallis, the most distinguished member of the Baltimore bar, a man who had suffered imprisonment during the war on account of his Southern sympathies. When the victory was at last won, in 1895, an admirable election law was enacted and faithfully enforced; and Maryland enjoyed, for the first time in a generation, the privilage of fair and orderly elections. When the regular Democrats again got control of the Legislature and the Governorship, they made modifications of the election law, especially in certain counties, which have permitted gross trickery and fraud; but the elections in Baltimore, and in a large number of the counties, are still fair and clean, and the independent vote still holds the balance of power between the parties. In fighting the amendment, therefore, the Baltimore Reform League and great numbers of independent Democrats throughout the State are not only opposing a flagrant disfranchising trick, but are also seeking to prevent the restoration of that ring rule which was so long the shame and the despair of good citizens.

Gov. Harmon's best friends, in and out of Ohio, will rejoice to hear that the Democratic State bosses have declared war upon him. It is a good augury for the future of the man about whom centre the hopes of many old-fashioned Democrats the country over. No aspirant for the leadership of a reunited and revivified Democracy can start better than Cleveland did—with the hatred and the fear of the political machines to his credit. The outbreak against Mr. Harmon is due, of course, to blasted hopes and sadly empty pockets. The Governor has refused to be "manipulated." Republican officeholders have not been turned out of doors to make room for the hungry among the faithful. The cry for jobs has made the Ohio welkin ring, but the Governor's heart has been of stone. Whereupon the Democratic machine leaders have discovered that giving them the jobs was what Mr. Harmon was elected for, and that he has consequently violated his pledges to the people. "Gov. Harmon," says Ohio's indignant national committeeman, "was supported with the idea that a complete change would be made in the State House and all State institutions. Hopes, however, have been vain." Hence 40,000 Republicans who voted for him will not vote for him again, and 40,000 Democrats will cut him. But those who wish Gov. Harmon well must advise him to snap his fingers at these men in buckram.

The State of Washington is the latest to respond to the movement in favor of the commission plan of city government. Tacoma has already voted to adopt that method, and a campaign has been started in Spokane looking to the same end. The Tacoma election was disappointing in that it was decided by less than a quarter of the voting strength of the city; the vote in favor of the change was in the proportion of 4½ to 1. Perhaps the small percentage of the possible voting is due to the fact that Tacoma has been overburdened with special elections lately. The charter election was the seventh held in that city this year, and there are two more to come. In Portland, Ore., last summer, a proposal to take up the commission system was submitted along with more than thirty other questions. The electorate had no mind for so large a mouthful, and rejected practically the entire programme. It is worth noting that the saloon element in Tacoma was strongly against the new plan. The charter adopted is of the general type, providing for an administrative and legislative board of five men, elected on ballots bearing no party names or emblems. The initiative, referendum, and recall are provided for.

In a year prolific in reminders of America's debt to Champlain, to Hudson, to Verrazzano, it is now the turn of Don Gaspar de Portolá. Californians have, however, fêted not merely the first white man to gaze upon the Golden Gate, but likewise their own accomplishments:

> Hail to thy daring, to thy cheery mood,
> And stormy progress, brother multitude!

The cosmopolitanism of San Francisco's heritage appears in the merrymaking.

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"The smelting pot of the races," Stevenson called the waterfront. One found there black men, yellow men, beggar men, thieves. There were Laskars in turbans and dis-braided Chinese and Italian fishermen in tam o'shanters and wide, gaudy sashes—Greeks, Alaska Indians, and men of the South Seas. That was the old San Francisco—or a part of it. The new city is more American, and has fewer suggestions of the San Francisco of Bret Harte's Argonauts. It is their future to which Californians are looking even in celebrating Portolá. In a paragraph printed in the San Francisco *Call* of April 15, 1906—or just before the earthquake—it was said: "Our destiny is upon us. We cannot escape it." Fire and earthquake have done their worst, but San Francisco's destiny is upon her still.

A long and honorable judicial career is ended by the death of Mr. Justice Peckham of the Supreme Court. Special attention was drawn to him at the time of his appointment by President Cleveland, owing to the sensational rejection by the Senate, under the prompting of David B. Hill, of the two preceding nominations of Mr. Hornblower and Wheeler H. Peckham. Judge Peckham, however, gave himself with unremitting labor and unusual ability to the work of the court, and soon ceased to be thought of except as an upright and useful member of our highest tribunal. His service fell in a time when many important and agitated questions were passed upon by a court too often divided; but Judge Peckham's opinions were always without extra-judicial heat, and were marked by great lucidity and cogent reasoning. His death, with the fact that two or three of his colleagues are humanly certain to retire soon, suggests the probability of a reconstitution of the Supreme Court during President Taft's term of office. The promise of fit appointments is bright at the hands of an Executive who has himself been a judge, and who will not allow politicians to dictate to him the naming of the Federal judges.

The death of Henry Charles Lea, at the age of eighty-four, removes one of the very small group of American scholars and writers of true distinction and admitted importance. His life was as different from the common run as his work was superior to the ordinary literary output. The son of a prosperous Philadelphia publisher, and engaged in the publishing business himself from his youth up, he was the possessor of an ample fortune and the head of an important business concern; but he found no difficulty in leading a laborious life devoted to intellectual pursuits. In making himself master, and one of the world's greatest authorities, in a large field of historical research, he was continuing one of the most pleasing of English and American traditions, that of the man of wealth and business who is also a scholar or literary man of real merit and significance. It is a lesson of Mr. Lea's career that there are still great results which can be achieved by individuals unconnected with any organization for the systematic production of learning. And it is proper to mention that, while his interest was so largely absorbed by a subject very remote from the doings of to-day, Mr. Lea did not fail to bear his part as a citizen.

The advertising campaign planned by the Home Missions Council is more comprehensive than novel. Churches have long practised advertising, and clergymen of a certain type have been known to have the habit. The religious motto painted large on the landscape, or stuck in the form of a minute paster on the car window, goes far back in time. What is new is that the churches now intend to advertise "social, racial, and economic" truths as well as religious, and to do so through the regular medium of newspapers and periodicals. In such a case, what will there be left for the newspapers and magazines to put into their reading columns? We know how hard the passionate press-agent will work to smuggle a bit of advertising into the reading matter. We know what importance is attached to the three asterisks that separate the paid truths from the unpaid. We know what the man in the street means when he scornfully invites the bore to go hire a hall. Why, therefore, should the churches expend large amounts of money to get "social, racial, and economic" matter out of the columns where everybody reads it into the columns where, the presumption is, nobody looks for it unless he is strongly impelled? The magazines we can understand. Their best-read and most attractive pages have long been in the advertising section. An article on the race problem that would be lost between a spring poem and a Wild West story will make a mark if inserted between the picture of an automobile and the advertisement of a safety razor.

The fatal injury to one of the Annapolis football players will not, we presume, greatly disturb the equanimity of those who, like Justice Oliver Wendell Holmes, believe that athletics are cheaply bought by the annual sacrifice of a few lives. This case is, however, bound to attract attention for several reasons. In the first place, the unfortunate midshipman was a trained player, and not, like many other victims, a member of a scrub team with insufficient teaching and control. Also this casualty indicates that, much as the game has been "opened up" by the new rules, the dangers still persist. The daily reports from the various football fields read as of old in their descriptions of the injured and their hurts. So long as violent physical contact is permitted, just so long will more or less serious injuries continue. But a further change of the game in the direction of the English contest ought to be of some help. Hence we regret to note in the games thus far a marked disposition to return to the "old-fashioned" style of play and a neglect of the onside kick and forward pass which did so much to lighten the strain on the players and increase the interest of the spectators.

When Prince Von Bülow decided to give up the Chancellorship rather than appeal to the country on his finance bill, he showed his customary sagacity. What would have happened to the Government's thin majority in a general election is indicated by the remarkable victories of the Social-Democrats all over the Empire. It did not take them long to recover from their heavy defeat of three years ago. Three years of Dreadnought-mania, a growing deficit, and the logical recourse to increased taxes on food, drink, light, and air, have swelled the ranks of German discontent. Where in 1906, after the famous Imperial victory, it was all talk of scotching the Socialist serpent by restricting the franchise in Hamburg, in Saxony, and Berlin, heavy Socialist gains are now reported, or have been recently reported,

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from Prussia, from the Rhineland, from Saxony. In the Saxon Diet the Socialists bid fair to leap from a membership of one to a membership of twenty-five, possibly, or nearly a third of the entire Diet.

The German Governments have all the more reason to fear these results, on account of the possibility that the Socialists may consent to join hands with Radicals and Liberals in the Reichstag and the Diets. Opportunism, or revisionism, to give it its economic name, is making headway among Bebel's followers. The orthodox doctrine of complete abstention from the process of bourgeois law-making received a severe setback last year when the Socialists in the Bavarian Diet joined with the Centre to force through a number of progressive measures. In the Socialist Congress at Leipzig, last month, the new moderation was evident. There were none of the old anti-patriotic outbursts which more than anything else have driven the Liberals into the Government camp. There were no fiery onslaughts on religion. A proposal to establish Socialist schools for children of non-believers received less than 30 votes out of 300. The cause of all this is the natural weariness of a policy of mere negation carried on through decades.

The fall of the Spanish Ministry may have been inevitable for other reasons, but it was undoubtedly hastened by the agitation over the execution of Professor Ferrer. To the flood of foreign protests were added cries of shame and outrage in Spain itself. A political and moral atmosphere was rapidly created in which the Prime Minister, who was responsible for the extinguishing of one held a light of his country, could not breathe. Premier Maura's resignation involved the summoning of the leader of the opposite party to form a Government. How long Señor Moret's Ministry may go on without the need of electing a new Cortes is still doubtful. In any event, the new head of the Cabinet is not to be envied his task. Popular dissatisfaction with the slow progress and disappointing results of the Riff campaign is again mounting, and with internal discontent fed by other causes, the outlook is troublous not only for the Ministry, but for the monarchy itself.

It is natural enough that the meeting between the Czar and the King of Italy should bring up again our old friend, the break-up of the Triple Alliance. Royal encounters are always supposed to be fraught with tremendous matters of state, and surely, in the present instance, Nicholas II would never have undertaken that painful trip of a couple of thousand miles between two walls of bayonets, if he were not really eager to join hands with Victor Emmanuel against their common aversion, Austria-Hungary. But experience has shown that the Czar's momentous interviews with the heads of foreign governments have usually meant little for Europe at large, but a good deal of trouble for Russia. The Czar comes to take advice and get help, never to offer it, and Italy, for all her irritation against the Hapsburgs, is pretty sure to remember what a weak reed to lean upon the Czar turned out for France in her hour of need. It is typical of a blundering mis-government like Russia's that it will go far enough to exhibit its spite but seldom far enough to make its enemies take it seriously. What may happen to the Triple Alliance in the course of years—it is beginning to show unmistakable signs of dissolution—at least no mortal blow will come from the side of Russia.

The assassination of Prince Ito at Harbin seems to bear out the old rule that the fanatic's knife or bomb most often strikes either when it should not or whom it should not. Such broken information as has come to us out of Korea, since the Japanese investment, has represented Prince Ito as the one Japanese statesman most concerned in mitigating the rigors of foreign domination at Seul. If that was the case, the death of the veteran statesman at the hands of a Korean patriot falls akin to the assassination of President Lincoln by a Southern sympathizer, or the assassination of Alexander II of Russia on the eve of his granting a Constitution. But we cannot press the point too far. The other tendency has grown up of asserting that every incompetent monarch who fell a victim to popular resentment was just on the eve of blossoming into an archangel and establishing elysium within his dominions. Nor does a murdered statesman become thereby retroactively the best friend his murderers really had. If the Korean people came to associate the cruelties of Japanese rule with the personality of the man who up to a few months ago was Japan's viceroy in the peninsula, the inference was a natural one. Certainly, they could hardly have registered their protest in more emphatic form. Not even an attack on the life of the Mikado would have roused the world at large as will the unhappy death of the best known and most gifted of Japan's statesmen, the one whose life has been most closely bound up with his nation's rebirth and imperial growth.

When an article on "The Public Debt of New Zealand" begins with pointing out that the net public debt per head of the population in that country is $314, as against $145 for France, $80 for Great Britain, etc., one rather looks for an exhibition of the Australasian experiment station as an awful warning. Such is not the case, however, with the paper in the *Journal of Political Economy*, signed by James Edward Le Rossignol of Colorado and William Downie Stewart of New Zealand as joint authors. The article is a quite colorless examination of the New Zealand public debt and its history. It explains at once that a very large part of the debt represents productive investments, and it mentions many other elements which must be taken into account before the true significance of the figures can be judged. One incidental remark is of special interest for this country. "The most common form of political corruption in the United States," it says, "the corrupting influence of railways and other business corporations, does not exist to any great extent in New Zealand, because of the prevalence of governmental and municipal ownership, but the concentration of economic power in the hands of the government has created a form of corruption which, while it may not be so bad morally, is far more wasteful from the economic point of view." The writers refer especially to the building of roads, bridges, etc., as a matter of local or personal favor, which is elsewhere referred to as "the current coin of political corruption." What dimensions this sort of thing would be capable of in our country, under government ownership of railways, it staggers the imagination to picture. It is prudent to watch these movements from afar.

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THE DIPLOMATIC SERVICE.

When Mr. Taft returns to Washington he will find nothing more pressing than the reorganization of the diplomatic service. Ordinarily, the various posts abroad have been bargained off within a few days after a new Administration has assumed office. Mr. Taft wisely announced that he would take his time in selecting his ministers and ambassadors. Now, however, eight months have elapsed and some important appointments have not been determined upon. Several of them have gone begging in a way to cause considerable mortification, and the unfortunate affair with Mr. Crane cannot but add to the difficulty of obtaining a Minister to China, if not in choosing men for other posts. Moreover, there are many clouds upon the diplomatic horizon. Are we to have tariff wars with Germany, France, and Canada? Is there to be serious friction over Japan's policy in Manchuria? No one can at this moment answer these questions. That they can be asked is, however, in itself a strong reason why no time should be lost in filling the leading diplomatic offices.

Justice to the ambassadors alone demands this. No man can do his best work if he is in ignorance about his immediate future. Take the case of Dr. Hill, for instance. Is he to remain at Berlin, or to be transferred to another post or retired from the service? So far as we are aware, no official statement has yet been made as to his future. In Paris, Mr. Henry White, after remaining for months in a state of uncertainty as to when he would be relieved by Mr. Robert Bacon, has notified the State Department that he can hold his place no longer than November. Yet, despite Senator Aldrich's recent assurances, the question of a tariff war is apparently nowhere else so acute as in France. The situation in London is similar. Mr. Reid is obliging the State Department by holding on, though fully aware that his supersession may take place at any moment. But the President is unable to find anybody so eminently fitted for this post as would have been Dr. Eliot. That he has been asking many for suggestions has long been an open secret. No one can deny, however, that the failure to find the right man is injurious to the service and detrimental to the dignity of what is one of our greatest positions.

To Russia Mr. Rockhill has been sent from China, because, as was openly admitted, the Administration wanted a "live" business man at Peking. When it got one who was just of that sort, it treated him so roughly as to exasperate Mr. Crane's intimate friends. He was fairly dragged off his steamer, compelled to cross the country under public curiosity and suspicion, and then dismissed as one would discharge a commercial traveller. Before Mr. Crane was asked to take the mission, Stuyvesant Fish, F. A. Delano, ex-Senator Fulton, and others declined the position. He will be a brave man who will finally consent to fill the demand for a Minister in Peking. Meanwhile, the months drag on, and the United States, whose interests in the East Mr. Taft, above all others, deems of vast importance, is represented by a *chargé d'affaires* in China.

In Italy, Mr. Leishman has taken over the embassy in succession to Mr. Griscom; and Mr. Straus's appointment to Constantinople has been hailed with satisfaction by all interested in Turkey. The Japanese mission remains in Mr. O'Brien's hands; his pleasing personality makes him as welcome in Tokio as heretofore. But the office of Minister to Cuba, important now on account of our relations with that island, is yet to be disposed of, since the promotion of Mr. E. V. Morgan, the present incumbent, is understood to be impending. The Austrian and Mexican missions must also be re-manned, particularly the latter, in which Mr. Thompson has been occupying his leisure moments with the purchase of a railway to which he will hereafter devote his attention. Until all the places to be filled have been disposed of, the feeling of unrest will continue. Indeed, the whole situation must strengthen the hands of those who advocate a permanent diplomatic body, protected as a whole from the now inevitable upset on the inauguration of a President, and affording guarantees for a life career. As it is now, we have such a case as that of Mr. Riddle, lately Ambassador to Russia. Though a fluent linguist, master of Russian, and a graduate of the Paris School of Political Science, he has been dropped from the service after sixteen years in Russia, Turkey, Egypt, and Servia—not an encouraging example to the young American who aspires to fit himself thoroughly for diplomacy.

With the close of the holiday season it is to be hoped, too, that the State Department itself will be so fully manned as to make it impossible for any one else to charge, as did Mr. Crane, that he was started for his difficult and distant post without adequate consultation and instructions. Of this, Mr. Huntington Wilson's serious illness is, to be sure, a partial explanation. But there are disquieting rumors that, besides departing American diplomats and those awaiting orders, foreign diplomats also have had difficulty this summer in finding out just who is in charge of this policy or that negotiation. Mr. Adee is, of course, always on hand with all his valuable experience to aid him; but sometimes even an able second secretary does not quite take the place of his superiors. It will be a good thing for the whole Administration, not yet shaken down like a tested piece of machinery, when the holidays are over. Indeed, we are sometimes tempted to believe that a statutory prohibition of vacations during the first six months of a new Administration would not be amiss.

TROUBLED ENGLISH POLITICS.

No one can read the English press of both parties, or talk with Englishmen and others familiar with political conditions in Great Britain, without getting a pretty serious idea of the great controversy over the budget. It is a real crisis, though we cannot help feeling that it has been artificially created. The question of new taxation was difficult enough of itself, but the attempts on both sides to make political capital out of it, with the violence of extremists of either party, have blown the affair out of all natural proportions. It may yet serve as a classic illustration of what political passion can do to inflame and distort a problem of finance into something very near revolution.

Those are doubtless correct who maintain that no Chancellor of the Exchequer ever held such language as is the common stock in trade with Mr. Lloyd-George. Instead of dropping his old fighting and slashing manner, now that he is charged with weighty responsibilities, he has, if anything, intensified it. Of course, he does not lack provocation. Foolish dukes and reckless Tories are as much to blame for the political tension as are headstrong radicals and

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swashbuckling Liberals. But when all is said, we look for more gravity and steadiness in the head of the British Treasury than the Chancellor of the Exchequer displays in his utterances whether in or out of Parliament. His speech at Newcastle, the other day, was a fine instance of how a great Minister of State should not harangue the public about taxation. Where Lloyd-George was defending the actual taxing proposals of the budget, he was sensible and defensible. The new taxes are really not very burdensome in themselves. They might be extended so as to be confiscatory, but it is not the English way to be logical in extending taxes or anything else; and the Chancellor might well have rested with the economic and fiscal defence of his measures. Instead, he launched into a violent attack upon the House of Lords—made up, he said, of men "chosen by accident from the ranks of the unemployed"—and indulged in language which gives point to the charge of his opponents that he is a Socialist at heart. We cite a few words from his peroration to show the kind of social dynamite that Mr. Lloyd-George tosses about light-heartedly:

> Who ordained that a few should have the land of Britain as a perquisite, who made 10,000 people owners of the soil, and the rest of us trespassers in the land of our birth; who is it—who is responsible for the scheme of things whereby one man is engaged through life in grinding labor, to win a bare and precarious subsistence for himself, and when at the end of his days he claims at the hands of the community he served a poor pension of 8d. a day he can only get it through a revolution; and another man who does not toil receives every hour of the day, every hour of the night, whilst he slumbers, more than his poor neighbor receives in a whole year of toil? Where did the table of the law come from? Whose finger inscribed it? These are the questions that will be asked. The answers are charged with peril for the order of things the Peers represent, but they are fraught with rare and refreshing fruit for the parched lips of the multitude who have been treading the dusty road along which the people have marched through the dark ages, which are now emerging into the light.

It is not strange that sober-minded Englishmen find it hard to reconcile themselves to a budget which has such doctrines tagged to it.

However, the practical question how the Lords are to deal with the budget when it reaches them remains very much what it was. As the time approaches when action must be taken, counsels are divided and the outlook is confused. It should seem a good case for English compromise; but recent declarations of responsible Ministers have been wholly unyielding. The measured and dignified Prime Minister, Mr. Asquith, is as explicit as the impetuous Lloyd-George and the harum-scarum Winston Churchill in asserting that no interference of the Lords with a money bill can be tolerated. If they amend or reject it, the Commons will at once resolve that there has been a breach of their privileges; and then there could not fail to be an appeal to the country in which the whole veto power of the House of Lords would be the chief issue. It is fear of this and what might follow which leads the *Spectator* to think that it is better to accept the budget, disagreeable as it is, than to throw the British Constitution into the melting-pot of a general election. Notable, too, is the opinion of the Birmingham *Post*, which is, or at any rate was, the organ of Joseph Chamberlain. It advises the Lords that they have too much to lose and nothing to gain by rejecting the finance bill. The evidence that the country wants the land taxes, this Conservative newspaper thinks to be conclusive; and it adds that "a dissolution on the finance bill would almost certainly be followed by a return of the Government to power with a definite mandate which the Lords could not ignore." The Glasgow *Herald* is equally convinced of the bad policy of rejecting the budget. Of course, many Conservative organs, the London *Times* at their head, strongly urge the Lords to throw the bill out. Mr. Balfour, however, has not spoken. Till he does, the Lords will scarcely know which way to turn.

In their perplexity, they are expected to get new light from the bye-election that is held in Bermondsey to-day. This is a London constituency described by Charles Booth as the poorest in the city. The population is about 80,000, of which a large proportion depend upon casual labor, and many families are always upon the verge of want. It is thus a working-class constituency, and it was thought that it would afford a fine test of the "popularity" of the budget. But a three-cornered fight is raging, the Labor party having put up Dr. Salter, who appears to be that unusual combination, a Quaker of extreme Socialistic views, and it is quite possible that he, with his programme of the right to work, a minimum wage, and the nationalization of land, railways, and mines, with the municipalization of everything else, may win over both the Liberal and Conservative candidates. In that case, the Lords would be in greater doubt and darkness than ever. Even should the Tories win, it might be disastrous for them to pluck up courage from a single election. In 1880, when Beaconsfield was in doubt whether to go to the country, as Gladstone was challenging him to do, he carried a bye-election and that decided him to dissolve. But that bye-election was, curiously, also in Bermondsey, and after winning it, the Conservatives were badly beaten in the general election.

THE FUNCTION OF THE COLLEGE.

When it is stated that President Woodrow Wilson has written a magazine article of considerable length upon a fundamental question of college education, it is almost superfluous to add that a contribution at once substantial and attractive has been made to the discussion. In his article in *Scribner's Magazine* entitled "What Is a College For?" he surveys the present condition of life and study at the typical large American college, judged both by the end which the college proposes or should propose and by the efficacy of the arrangements actually in operation for the attainment of that end.

On the first branch of the question President Wilson's thesis is laid down with great emphasis and insistence. It turns altogether on the complexity of the modern world—on the demand for intense effort, and for the capacity to turn with vigor and effectiveness to any task, however unexpected, to any problem, however novel, which the changes of the time may present. A picture—decidedly overdrawn, we submit, whatever be the number of instances on which it may be based—is presented of the way in which the man whose only capital is some special skill is condemned to be a servant perpetually, and may at any time become a useless servant, his "skill gone out of use and fashion." To lead a life worthy of a young man's aspirations, he must prepare himself to meet and conquer all the chances and changes of the time; and the function of the college is to equip him for such a rôle. "To me," says

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President Wilson, "the question seems to be, Shall the lad who goes to college go there for the purpose of getting ready to be a servant merely, a servant who will be nobody and who may become useless, or shall he go there for the purpose of getting ready to be a master adventurer in the field of modern opportunity?"

Into the other branch of Mr. Wilson's discussion it is impossible here to enter in a manner at all adequate; nor would it be proper for any but an expert in questions of college organization to pass judgment upon it. The breakdown of the old college discipline, based on the boarding-school idea; the development of the multiform activities—athletic, social, literary, business—which now absorb so large a portion of the student's time and interest; the dominant part played by college fraternities and other social groups—these are brought out vividly and are correlated with the main theme. In all this development President Wilson finds an inevitable process of evolution, due to the need of something that the college as such has not supplied; and he draws the picture not merely as a presentation of historical fact, but for a definite practical purpose. The absorption of time and interest involved in these extra-collegiate activities makes it impossible for the college to utilize the four years of precious opportunity for its own great purposes; and President Wilson proposes such a remodelling of the relations between faculty and students as shall turn all the vitality now scattered in these accidental ways into the right channel. "The organizations whose objects lie outside study," he says, "should be but parts of the whole, not set against it, but included within it."

With nothing that President Wilson says in regard to the ways and means of effecting a needed improvement in college life have we any quarrel; and there is in the whole article a high seriousness, both of substance and of form, that makes us regret the more that we find in it a radical defect. We submit that there is an issue deeper and more vital than any of those discussed by Mr. Wilson, however important these may be; and on this issue his note does not ring true. The preaching of the gospel of strenuosity has gone far indeed when one can read page after page of an essay so serious as this, and coming from such a source, yet find barely a hint that there may be a value in college culture other than what is measured by outward achievement. Of the effect upon a man's inner life, of the satisfaction he may get simply from a broader outlook or a deeper insight, of the heightened joy and added solace which the treasures of literature or the interests of science may afford him because of those four golden years, there is no word. Nor can it be justly answered that all this has been omitted because it is matter of course. In the first place, in our day, with the din of the preachers of efficiency as the one and only good ever in our ears, it is not matter of course. And secondly, Mr. Wilson sins not only by omission, but also by commission. Again and again, he strikes the strident note that is the fashion of the day: "To be a master adventurer in the field of opportunity" should be the purpose of the college student; and again: "We must distinguish what the college is for, without disparaging any other school, of any other kind. It is for the training of the men who are to rise above the ranks." Struggle, conquest, "doing things"—that, it should seem, is the be-all and end-all of modern education.

Against this view of the function of the college, we hold it to be the duty of all men of culture to protest. Unquestionably, the college should be a nursery of leaders, of men who go to the front both in the competitive pursuits of ordinary life and in the advancement of the welfare and progress of their country and of the world. But what of the score of youths who are not endowed—perhaps in ability, perhaps in temperament—for such a career, as against the one who is? Is there nothing for them in the college? Nay, is it nothing for the country and the world that the type which they represent shall be preserved? Are we to admit that "things are in the saddle" so absolutely that to be a gentleman of taste, or refinement, of a generous and unambitious interest in high and beautiful things is to "be nobody"? With all its restless progress and resistless changes, there is still, we trust, room in the world for the quiet and cultivated gentleman who is content to earn a modest living, or even to live a life of rational ease in unobtrusive performance of unpretending duties; and we do not think it would be going too far to say that the college will lose sight of what is the most beneficent part of its entire activity when it ceases to regard with pride and satisfaction the furnishing of this leaven to our overstrung and strenuosity-ridden society.

FIFTY YEARS OF VICTOR HUGO.

PARIS, October 12.

It is fifty years since Victor Hugo began pouring out to the world "La Légende des siècles." Its successive utterances, with minor poems of the same strain in between (1859-1877-1883) express that modernizing vision of the past which now most pleases official French thought. Popularly, there are fifty copies of Alfred de Musset's poems sold for one of Victor Hugo's. There are even signs of the newest Young France turning altogether back from the nineteenth to the seventeenth century—the *grand siècle* once more.

The Société Victor Hugo, which charges itself with the master's fame, seized the occasion of the half-centenary for a week of celebration. Sunday, September 26, the Comédie Française played "Ruy Blas" at the matinée. Then, on successive days, there was a visit to the poet's house, which has been turned into a Victor Hugo Museum; the inauguration, in the historic gardens of the Palais Royal, of Rodin's statue, which has been waiting fifteen years for the day; a pageant of the Cour des Miracles, which was to have illuminated the façade of Notre Dame with Esmeralda and Frollo, but was spoiled by desperate weather; and the final obligato banquet—all with occasional verse and discourse and speeches from Government.

Perhaps the importance of the anniversary has been overrated. In 1885 political and religious exaltation of the Republican and Freethinker made an international demonstration out of the poet's interment at the Panthéon, the church being expelled to make room for his corpse. In 1902, for the centenary of his birth, the desire to recognize nationally the one overmastering genius of French poetry in the century which was past gave a genuinely literary color to the celebration. The present interest in "La Légende des siècles," taken apart from the poet's complete work, should be rather to know the appeal which Victor Hugo's ideas and art have continued making to the changing literary judgment and feelings of France during fifty years.

In 1859 the old official criticism was still intrenched in the university citadel, in spite of thirty years of attack and defeat at the hands of the Romantics. Désiré Nisard was its spokesman in

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his "Etudes d'histoire et de littérature" of that year:

The history of the works of M. Victor Hugo is the history of ephemeral books which graft on to the day's commonplaces or imitate like works, and in which the merit of invention does not belong to M. Victor Hugo. I do not know one of his books of which the thought is his own. . . . You would almost say that M. Victor Hugo is condemned to be in truth but "a child of genius," as M. de Chateaubriand called him.

Nowadays, M. Doumergue, who as minister of public instruction is grand master of the university, begins his inaugural discourse for Rodin's statue:

The government of the republic could not allow the fiftieth year of "La Légende des siècles" to be celebrated without taking part in it. The glory which Italy owes to Dante, which Shakespeare has given to England, France, without excessive pride, can give thanks for to Victor Hugo. . . . Some, I know, not understanding his genius or irritated by it, have denied him the thinker's glory. But his word at which the world wonders, could it so thrill us if he had lacked that inner flame which strong thought alone can kindle?

With a tone of combat, the minister wound up his eulogy:

Glories of mediocrity do not resist the effect of distance and the intense life of our day. But the figure of Victor Hugo, as it withdraws in time, far from entering into shadow and obscurity, stands out in piercing relief, like the decided features with which the sculptor here makes him to live again for us. In the name of the government of the republic I make my salute, bowing with the homage of an admiration which has not weakened.

And yet, in the testy foolishness of old-fogy, Nisard, may there have not been a glimmer of reason? Like Carlyle, the English writer whom he resembles essentially in more ways than one, Victor Hugo "always felt himself qualified *à priori* to crack and pick any philosophic nut extant; to discuss and determine the toughest providential problem conceivable, without a taking of testimony or investigation of any sort, but by sheer force of genius or æsthetic instinct." Better fitted still to Victor Hugo's case is this further judgment of Carlyle by the elder Henry James: "He did, indeed, dally with the divine ideas long enough to suck them dry of their rhetorical juices."

It would be difficult to find, in the expressions of French thought to-day, a single idea brought into it by Victor Hugo. The theism of his prime and the doubtful pantheism of his age are alike formless, with only the splendor of color; and, even his declamations on a practical subject so worked by him as capital punishment have left merely resonant emotion. Nisard, who saw only printed pages through his spectacles, might easily find chapter and verse for the original propositions of the poet's thoughts: his disastrous failure was in his inability to estimate at its proper value the transforming, often deforming, poetic imagination, of which Victor Hugo was all compact.

The poet seems to have had a glimpse of the truth in the name he chose for the great work which he assured Vacquerie, in a letter of March, 1859, "shall contain mankind, shall be mankind." Among unpublished notes for a preface, he wrote: "When you consider the human series parallel with the series of the centuries, man has two aspects—the historic and the legendary. The historic aspect borders on the drama; the legendary on epic poetry." The name for his work was to be "Petites Epopées." And he wrote his own idea of the work in characteristic lines, now published for the first time:

Ceci sera la page énorme; et les vivants
L'auront vue, au milieu du vaste effort des vents,
De l'erreur, de la haine ardente, de la foule,
De tout ce qui s'élève et de tout ce qui croule
Et de tout ce qui va dans la nuit, emportant
Le chiffre vain, le rêve obscur, l'homme hésitant,
Demeurer, et garder son accent inflexible.
Flèche, reste le roi, peuple, reste la cible,
Jusqu'au jour où viendront d'autres hommes disant:
Toi, sois la flèche, et toi, sois la cible à présent.
Alors commenceront les sombres destinées.

Until then Victor Hugo had been the transformer of French poetry in general. For Sainte-Beuve, he was of "lyric renown"; for Théophile Gautier, whose "Histoire du romantisme" appeared only a few months before "La Légende des siècles," the turning point was the drama of "Hernani":

A movement was wrought like that of the Renaissance. . . . We seemed to have found again the great lost secret; and it was true, we had found again poetry.

Two years later Baudelaire wrote:

When we remember what French poetry was before Victor Hugo appeared and how it has grown young again since he came; when we imagine the little it would have been if he had not come, how many deep, mysterious feelings which have found expression would have remained mute; how many intelligences he has brought to their birth, how many men have shone by him who would have stayed in the shadow, it is impossible not to regard him as one of those rare, providential spirits who work in the literary order the salvation of all, as others do in the political order.

Voices were still raised in opposition. Common-sense, *bourgeois* Francisque Sarcey remarked in 1868 that he had "always professed mediocre sympathy for the dramas of Victor Hugo." In 1881 Zola, in the full success of his naturalism, while naming Victor Hugo "the man of the century," did not fear to pronounce his new work, "L'Ane," an *incroyable galimatias*. The theatre-going public has ratified Sarcey's judgment, while Racine still holds the stage. You seldom meet young Frenchmen who have read the lyrical poems of Victor Hugo; and the new education turns minds definitely away from his purely poetic imaginings. The verses of Richepin and many a lesser playwright do, indeed, echo the master's sonorous line; but his lack of social perception, without subtlety or suppleness or delicate shades of feeling and wit, has stood finally in the way of any Hugonian school among generations bred in psychology.

In the tribute which French men of letters presented to Victor Hugo for his eighty-third birthday, Zola, seemingly unconscious of its fundamental criticism, uttered what is still the truth:

In Victor Hugo, I salute the poet victorious from ancient combats. To honor him with our worship to-day is to protest against those who hooted after him in those days.

The battle was already won. Four years later when the poet died, the unliterary Clerical newspaper, *La Croix*, amidst all the intentionally offensive apotheosis of the Panthéon, had nothing worse to say than this:

Victor Hugo died at 1:35 o'clock.
He was the greatest poet of our age.
He had been mad for more than thirty years.
May his madness be his excuse before God.

Now, after twenty-five more years, it is evident that the poetry of the years of madness—"La Légende des siècles"—towers high above all the other poetic work of Victor Hugo, as Paul de Saint-Victor, who had been Lamartine's secretary, prophesied it would. True, as the governmental speeches show, the odor of combat is still in the air. Yet even if the sympathy of France, official and popular together, should move away from him, French poetry and all literature can never again be quite as they were without him. When he died Henry Houssaye could say:

All who wield a pen to-day, prose writers as well as poets, journalists as well as playwrights, in greater or less degree proceed from him. His imprint is on modern style.

Strip this celebration of the fiftieth year of "La Légende des siècles" of its factitious surroundings, and it is the genuine tribute of the new century to what Emile Faguet calls "the gong in Victor Hugo's brain. . . . Incident, anecdote, events struck upon it, and there was grave, sweet music or resounding thunder."

S. D.

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NEWS FOR BIBLIOPHILES.

More than two years ago there were printed in this column some notes on the variations in several early editions of Sheridan's "School for Scandal," including particulars of two American editions, one printed in Philadelphia by Robert Bell, in 1782, and the other by Hugh Gaine in New York in 1786.

There has just been brought to our attention another Philadelphia imprint, with a similar title, "The School for Scandal. A Comedy. The Third Edition. London: Printed. Philadelphia; Re-printed and Sold by Thomas Bradford, at the Coffee-House. M. DCC. LXXIX." An examination of the text, however, shows that while the characters, so far as they appear, are the same, the text is not that of Sheridan's play at all, but is political in purpose, relating to English affairs during the American war. Washington is once referred to as "General Washingball." Baker in his "Biographia Dramatica" enters "The School for Scandal, 8vo. 1778," and describes it as "a paltry catch-penny, intended to be imposed on the public as the genuine production of Mr. Sheridan. This despicable piece is political." Bradford's American edition is recorded by Hildeburn and copied from him by Sabin, but it is undoubtedly very rare. Baker notes another political piece with the title "The School for Scandal. As it is performed by His Majesty's Servants," 1784. "This," he says, "has no more relation to Mr. Sheridan's piece, than lead has to gold. It is a political satire on the India Bill and the Coalition." Sheridan's play was produced at Drury Lane Theatre on May 8, 1777. The first edition, printed in Dublin for J. Ewling, is without date and in booksellers' catalogues is usually ascribed to 1781; but, as Mr. Pollard has said, it is more likely that 1778 was the correct date. The title was an attractive one, and was appropriated for this political piece, which, by the way, is dedicated by its anonymous author to Richard Tickell, who was afterwards Sheridan's brother-in-law. There was reason for Robert Bell, in bringing out the first American edition of the play in 1780, to call it "The Real and Genuine School for Scandal."

On November 3, the Anderson Auction Company will sell a collection largely made up from the library of Mr. Sainsbury Langford Sainsbury. A presentation copy of Mrs. Browning's "Poems" (1844); first editions of Sir Thomas Browne's "Hydriotaphia" (1658), and the first authorized edition of the "Religio Medici" (1643); first edition of Keats's "Endymion" (1818); a collection of books with Alken and Cruikshank plates, including "Real Life in London" (1821-22) and Ireland's "Life of Napoleon Bonaparte," 4 vols. (1828), are notable lots.

On November 4 and 5 the same house sells the second part of the J. C. Chamberlain collection. The first portion, sold last February, was made up of the books of the ten great American authors. The first editions of Aldrich, Curtis, James T. Fields, Cooper, Halleck, Harte, Mitchell, Parkman, Stedman, Bayard Taylor, Walt Whitman, and other lesser lights are now offered, as well as some duplicate copies of books included in Part I. Among special rarities by minor authors we may note Aldrich's "Père Antoine's Date Palm" (1866), "Pansy's Wish" (1870), and "The Story of a Bad Boy" (1870) on large paper (six printed, of which three were destroyed in the Boston fire of 1872); Drake and Halleck's "Poems by Croaker, Croaker & Co." (1819); Howell's first book, "Poems by Two Friends" (1860); Motley's two novels, "Morton's Hope" (1839) and "Merry Mount" (1849); Stoddard's "Footprints" (1849); Taylor's "Ximena" (1844), his first book with title reading, "By James Bayard Taylor"; and Whitman's "Two Rivulets" (1876), the author's own copy, with many autograph corrections. Among the duplicate books by some of the ten great authors are Hawthorne's "Fanshawe" (1828); two copies of Lowell's "Poems" (1844) on large paper; and Longfellow's "Outre Mer" (1833-34). The "Rime di Michelagnolo Buonarroti" (Florence, Giunti, 1623), the very rare first edition of Michael Angelo's poems, is one of the few foreign books in the collection.

On November 1 and 3 the Merwin-Clayton Sales Company offer a collection of Americana including about thirty-five lots on California, books on the Indians, first editions, a collection of Lincolniana, and a series of autograph letters, mostly of American authors. On November 4 and 5 they sell the library of the late Rev. Joseph E. Chapman of Perth Amboy. Books and pamphlets on New Jersey, the American Revolution, and several editions of the Book of Common Prayer are included.

On November 3 and 4 Messrs C. F. Libbie & Co. of Boston will sell the libraries of James Brown and David J. Lord. Mr. Brown's Burns collection was extensive, including a copy of the very rare first edition "Poems chiefly in the Scottish Dialect" (Kilmarnock, 1786), the second edition (Edinburgh, 1787), and later editions, among them a fine extra-illustrated set. Another copy of Bryant's "White Footed Deer" (1844), a book which brought $285 in the Poor sale last year, turns up in this sale. Audubon's Birds (1840-44) and Quadrupeds (1849-54); Michaux's "North American Sylva" (1819), with the supplement by Nuttall (1849), and Wilson and Bonaparte's "American Ornithology" (1808-33), 13 vols. in 7, are important natural history books with colored plates. A long series of first editions of Bret Harte, collections of books on fencing and memory culture, Kelmscott Press and Doves Press publications, and a lot of book-plates and books on book-plates, including a collection of 1,200 cards describing additions to Allen's "American Book-Plates," are also offered.

Correspondence.

HENRY CHARLES LEA.

To the Editor of The Nation:

Sir: The death of Mr. Lea is a great loss to historical science, of which he was the foremost exponent in this country and one of the world's recognized leaders. His subject, mediæval history, was in his deft hands, and with his exhaustive study, revived in the long series of volumes on church history and kindred topics. His reputation as a scholar and an author was greater abroad even than at home. His chief work was translated into French and Italian and German, and the scholars in those countries paid tribute to him. At home he was elected president of the American Historical Association, and was honored by degrees from our principal universities. Years of toil were spent by him in gathering great quantities of original material from Spain and Italy, from France and Germany, from Mexico and South America, and not only did he use it with advantage in his own volumes, but he gave access to it freely to younger students. His life was one of earnest research for the truth, and he put his conclusions in clear language, every statement supported by exact references to the sources of contemporary writings of authority.

But Mr. Lea was much more than a scholar; he was an active reformer and a masterful worker in every field for improving the nation, the State, and the city in which he lived. He was the leader in every real movement for improving the body politic, and whatever of reform spirit exists in Philadelphia and Pennsylvania owes its origin to him. During the civil war he was ardent in his zeal and his work for the Union, and his facile and graceful pen produced much of the useful literature issued by the Union League of Philadelphia, an important factor in guiding the war for the Union to a successful end. The son of a distinguished scientific man, Isaac Lea, who was a leading authority on many branches of natural history, Henry C. Lea in his boyish days contributed to the American Academy of Natural Sciences papers that attested his ability, industry, and originality. A small volume contained some verses and poems that attested his literary cleverness. It was in his maturer life, during an active business career as a publisher, that he began the collection of material for the succession of works on mediæval church history which surprised the scholarly world by their exhaustive and masterly character. His public benefactions to the University of Pennsylvania and to the Philadelphia Library and to many other institutions, showed that, although not himself a university graduate, he was fully alive to the importance and advantage of thus strengthening education.

The fact that the first and largest recognition of his work as historian and scholar came from abroad, ought to be a lesson to our own universities and the public organs of learning in this country. Great as is the praise given to Mr. Lea's works today, both at home and abroad, it was welcome to him only as an incitement to renewed study and authorship, and he leaves an unfinished volume on the subject he had made peculiarly his own, that ought to be published to show his method of work and his almost judicial impartiality in dealing with the material gathered in years of research from forgotten and neglected sources. He set an example of sound scholarship that has already been fruitful of good results in historical writing.

The *Nation* owes him this tribute, for he was among those who first took a substantial part in its establishment, and of more value than his money help were the literary contributions that he gave to its columns, when his time and his pen seemed fully engrossed by his studies and by his writings.

J. G. Rosengarten.

Philadelphia, October 24.

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VERSE AND MELODY.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: I am a little surprised this week to find condemned, in the music column of the *Nation*, a tendency which I had been accustomed to regard with not a little approval. If "Danny Deever" must serve as a point of departure for æsthetic discussion, at least the problem involved is by no means so slight as the occasion. First, I must confess that Damrosch's "cheap" setting of this poem, and its rendering by Mr. Bispham, have seemed to me pretty nearly what the piece required.

I believe, on the whole, there is a great deal of indefinite talk, and much more indefinite thinking, on the subject of what a "song" ought to be. The pre-Wagnerian librettists were not so far astray in one particular, at least; they recognized their limitations. They recognized—as many of us to-day have entirely forgotten—that one cannot attend to two different artistic appeals at once. The point has been discussed; sometimes, it is true, with little enough understanding; sometimes very ably. The latest and best treatment of it I know is in Mr. Yeats, the Irish poet's, book of essays, "Ideas of Good and Evil." Grateful indeed for the *Nation's* clear statement of the case, I find myself quite unable to accept your critic's final judgment. If art, as a French writer has said, is a species of hypnotism (allowing the epigram to contain at least this germ of truth, that artistic appreciation requires almost hypnotic attention), we must admit our inability to be hypnotized by two things at once. It is precisely as your critic says: there are "songs in which the music plays second—sometimes twenty-second—fiddle to the poem." Surely this is as it should be, in certain cases—most notably in "Danny Deever."

Either the poetic appeal predominates, or the musical. There can be no such thing as "two arts going hand in hand." In cases where they seem to do so, it is we who are deceived. Either the music forms a mere accompaniment, a chant as it were, for the poem; or the poem is a mere cord on which is strung the harmony. Of course, one thinks first of all of the Wagnerian opera, which I do not wish to discuss here in detail; I believe in this case we *know* the text, and rely on the music for the emotional appeal. Confining ourselves to songs, who is there who has not often felt, after listening to some elaborate musical setting of an intense lyric, that somehow it was all wrong, in spite of the excellence of the music—that the words did not require all this? I remember the first time I heard Debussy's music to Verlaine's magical revery, "La Lune blanche." Of course I knew the poem by heart, but I confess I did not listen to the words; I could not. The music held me entirely. And yet, as an artistic whole, I felt the performance to be unsatisfactory. The music did not—it could not—express exactly the same train and blendings of emotion evoked by the words. Instead of artistic unity there was a duality of appeal, a conflict.

It seems that we must either write music pure and simple, to a set of words that merely suggest the subject without exacting deep emotional effort; or, on the other hand, be content merely to *accompany* verse. Music written in the first of these two manners includes all legitimate opera and oratorio, together with such songs as, say, the sixteenth-century setting of "It was a lover and his lass," where a charming melody and movement (entirely different from the natural rhythm of the words) make the true appeal; or *Lieder*, such as many of Shubert's and Nevin's; or more popular songs, such, for instance, as "In Old Madrid." In the second class I am tempted to include the traditional music to Ophelia's "And will he not come again?"; and most certainly many modern songs, among which would be our "Danny Deever," "Mandalay," Mrs. Woodforde-Finden's "Less Than the Dust" and "The Temple Bells," and Tosti's "Good-bye."

It is asked: "What then is to become of music, of melody, if this continues?" One feels like retorting: "What is to become of verse, of poetry, if this opera business goes on?" I think the musical art, like the poetic, must either confine itself to its proper sphere, or be content with "playing second fiddle." Still, I can understand why such a view must be heresy to a musician. I suppose it is just because music is the most elusive of the arts that there is so little real musical criticism. That which calls itself "musical criticism" usually either confines itself to the discussion of technique, or wanders into the bypaths of "appreciation" and "interpretation." One yearns for more really intellectual dealing with musical problems; such as, for example, that least critical of critics, Mr. Arthur Symons, has given us in his essay on Strauss, in his "Studies in the Seven Arts."

C. H. DICKERMAN.

Philadelphia, October 21.

[Mr. Dickerman's remarks are worth pondering, but they do not answer our objections to the new tendency in song recitals. There are many poems, like "Danny Deever," to which it is a superfluity to add music. The fact that musicians formerly insulted poetry by using it as a mere scaffolding, is no reason why, now, meaningless music should be used as an excuse for bringing certain poems into the concert-halls. A song should be what it is in the Goethe-Schubert "Erlking"—an amalgamation of great verse with great music.—ED. NATION.]

FRUIT-GROWING IN NEW ENGLAND.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: During the past week in Boston the attention of the public has been called to the beginning of an organized attempt of the New England fruit growers to capture their own market. Of late years this market has been controlled by Western growers, notably those of Oregon. Their fruit is always perfect in form, highly colored, and well packed. It has been so attractive that New England orchardists have generally dropped their hands, feeling that competition was impossible. There have always been, however, men who knew better; and these men have at last, by preaching and by practice, succeeded in making people aware that New England has a chance after all.

This chance depends on five factors: (1) that New England orchard land is now cheaper than Western; (2) that the soil, as repeatedly proved, is not worn out, but with proper handling is excellent for fruit; (3) that the Eastern farmer can pick his fruit when it is more mature than the Western, and thus finer flavored; (4) that the cost of transportation is notably less; and (5) the answer to the question: Is the Eastern fruit as attractive as the Western?

To answer this question there has been held in Horticultural Hall, Boston, an exhibition devoted solely to New England fruit. No doubts of the possibilities of the New England orchard could survive an examination of the exhibits. Not only in flavor, but also in shape, in size, and in color, the fruits displayed were the equal of fruit grown anywhere else in America. This is, of course, the result of modern methods of spraying and general culture. What New England now has to learn is the common sense of marketing its fruit.

The first requirement here is proper limitation of varieties. Professor Craig points out that it is the part of wisdom to grow few varieties, but to become known for growing those varieties well. The *sense* of the fruit exhibition agrees with this, for while there were almost hundreds of varieties shown in small quantities, the large packages were all of a few varieties, in apples scarcely more than half a dozen. The second requirement is proper grading of the crop, so that inferior grades are either sold as such, or not brought to market at all. (It was a part of the purpose of the exhibition to illustrate means of the economical disposal of culled fruit.) The third requirement is attractive packing. Here the bushel box promises to supersede the barrel, while perhaps some day the basket of two or three dozen choice fruits will hold the retail trade. The sixth requirement is uniform branding, so that packages bearing the name of an individual or of an organization can be depended on year after year.

The most striking feature of this whole movement is that it has been endorsed by the Boston Chamber of Commerce. For the first time departing from its custom, the Chamber last week devoted one of its meetings to the encouragement and discussion of an agricultural enterprise. At its dinner there was presented a printed report on the possibilities of New England fruit-growing. Some 600 men, farmers and men of business, sat down together. The spokesman for the Chamber of Commerce promised help in securing legislation and fair railway rates; the spokesman for the farmers asked for capital. Nothing in the whole meeting equalled the roar of mingled delight and applause when J. H. Hale, the most prominent fruit-grower in the East, and, perhaps, in the country, referring to the preface to the printed report, cried: "Think of that, fellers—these city dudes showing us the chance that lies before us!" Then, turning to the bankers, he asked for confidence and support. "How much is Lee Higginson willing to put up?"

It is scarcely to be supposed that the movement will stop here. New England has in itself or within twenty-four hours of its borders a third of the population of the country, the third which is not only the wealthiest, but also—since it is the manufacturing portion of the country—the least

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agricultural, wanting the best and ready to pay for it. The market is at hand, then, and not only the home market, but also the foreign, for New England is at the gateway of a great European trade in fruit. New England, let us believe, is coming again into its own. A. F.

Concord, Mass., October 23.

HETCH-HETCHY.

To the Editor of The Nation:

Sir: As the meeting of Congress approaches, the public is concerned about its action on the pending bills, confirming the use of Hetch-Hetchy Valley as a reservoir to supply water to San Francisco. Although this measure failed at the last regular session, it will be pushed again before the new Congress.

Those who seek to turn Hetch-Hetchy into a reservoir are endeavoring to establish the new principle that a national park is merely a temporary sequestration of the natural objects contained within its boundaries. They hold that national parks must cease to exist in time, by the appropriation of the utilities which they contain; and that a municipality has a perfect right to invade a national park, if it elects to do so, in spite of the fact that the same utility may be obtained easily elsewhere.

Ex-Secretary of Interior Garfield, who issued a revocable permit to use Hetch-Hetchy Valley, stated in his permit that: "The present water supply of the city of San Francisco is both inadequate and unsatisfactory." But the evidence taken before the Senate committee, and before the House committee, proved that the present water supply is neither "inadequate" nor "unsatisfactory." It appears in this evidence that the Spring Valley water system, which now supplies San Francisco with water, is ample for present needs, and is capable of being developed sufficiently to supply a population three times as great as the present population of San Francisco. The supply now is 36,000,000 gallons a day; and according to the carefully prepared statement of a former city engineer, it can be developed to 109,000,000 gallons a day. It appeared, further, in evidence, that the San Joaquin River, close at hand, may be pumped from for an additional supply of 150,000,000 gallons a day. So that San Francisco has close at hand a water supply sufficient for a population of 3,000,000; which is more than the city has ever stated can be obtained from Hetch-Hetchy. Moreover, from the evidence, it appears that, by using a remarkable natural filter belonging to the Spring Valley system, this water can be delivered in a filtered condition, equal in quality, if not superior, to what may be obtained from the Hetch-Hetchy.

Ex-Secretary Garfield, in his revocable permit, also made this statement:

> I do not need to pass upon the claim that this is the only practicable and reasonable source of supply for the city. It is sufficient that after a careful and competent study, the officials insist that such is the case.

This is a startling statement, to come from a leading official of the United States government. He held that it was not his duty to investigate, in behalf of the nation, before destroying the integrity of a national park. It would be interesting to learn how much public business he did on these lines; and it is not surprising that his successor has found a serious work at hand, in restoring the administration of the Department of the Interior to a law-abiding basis. As a matter of fact, the evidence taken before Congress showed that no source of water supply, other than the Hetch-Hetchy, had been seriously investigated or even considered by the city officials. All these officials of San Francisco tacitly admit that plenty of water can be had elsewhere.

If the people of the United States believe that the national park system is a wise and permanent feature of our national policy, they must make that belief effective in Congress next winter. If they wish to preserve the Yosemite National Park, which contains the Hetch-Hetchy Valley, inviolate in its natural grandeur, they must insist that their representatives in Washington shall abrogate the revocable permit which has been so injudiciously issued by ex-Secretary Garfield.

George Edwards.

Berkeley, Cal., October 8.

A BRITISH ICARUS.

To the Editor of The Nation:

Sir: We have often heard lately of Icarus and Darius Green as giving warning of the perils of aerial navigation. According to the legendary history of Britain, no less a person than the father of King Lear and son of King Hudibras was the first aeroplanist at whose flight the British neck craned and heart sank; and he suffered from adverse winds and treacherous machinery even more than the Wrights and Latham have done. Less wise than his near-namesake Blériot, King Bladud took his flight not above the Channel, but above London:

> He boasted that he would fly
> In the manner of a bird,
> That all his folk might see,
> And his flights behold.
> He made his feather-gear,
> And therefor he had mickle shame.
> To London he fared
> With his mickle folk.
> His feather-gear he put on him,
> And his flight there began;
> With his cunning flight
> He drew toward the upper air;
> He fared very high,
> To the welkin he was nigh.
> The wind came against him,
> His flights wavered,
> The strings broke
> That he stretched his wings with,
> And he fell to the earth,—
> The king was fated—
> Upon a place
> That in London stood,
> Apollin's temple,
> Which was the mighty fiend.
> The king fell on the roof,
> That he was dashed in pieces.
> Thus was the kingdom
> Of its king bereft.

Most of this is due to the imagination of our first distinguished poet since early Anglo-Saxon times, the twelfth-century country-priest Layamon (the original is in Madden's edition of his so-called "Brut," ll. 2870-97). Geoffrey of Monmouth's "Historia," his ultimate, and Wace's "Brut," his immediate source, have only a few words on Bladud's flight.

John S. P. Tatlock.

Ann Arbor, Mich., October 7.

PROFESSOR LOMBROSO'S CONFESSION OF FAITH.

To the Editor of The Nation:

Sir: Professor Lombroso's latest volume on psychic matters ("After Death—What?") has a pathetic interest from the fact that it was issued in America only three days before his own decease. If there is any answer to his question he knows it now. In his volume he expresses throughout a most profound belief in the survival of the mind after the dissolution of the visible body, and his preface shows that he wished the work to be taken as his *confessio fidei*, or last testament, to the world.

Hasty and superficial critics, spying a table of a few errata in the book, have leaped to the unwarranted conclusion that they are all due to a careless translator and proof-reader. The fact is that Professor Lombroso's manuscript was honeycombed with mistakes in English and American proper names, due, I judged, largely to his copyists, but partly to be ascribed to his astonishing handwriting, in which both his copyists and I had a good deal to struggle with in the way of emendations, interlineations, and additions. If you will catch a small housefly, dip his feet in ink, and then let him walk over a sheet of paper, the minute trails made will give some idea of the microscopically fine lines of this eminent pathologist. But nothing except a facsimile would adequately portray it. An aggravating feature of the professor's cacography was furnished by his habit of writing only a part of a word ("dimens" for "dimension" and "psicolog" for "psicologia," *e. g.*, my eye catches in a letter of his now before me, in reference to my translation). I found him, however, very patient in writing over and explaining illegible words, to the slight extent he was able to do so in revised drafts of his copy. I must say, however, that the task of licking his manuscript into shape, and tracing out and verifying his references and correcting his errors in English and American names, was rather formidable. And it is this background of unrewarded work in a book of this kind that superficial critics rarely recognize or understand, even when they have been through similar experiences themselves—a thing to make one wonder.

William Sloane Kennedy.

Belmont, Mass., October 21.

A SCIENTIST TO DR. COOK.

To the Editor of The Nation:

Sir: Dr. Cook tells us that he needs something like two months in order to prepare his records for submission to experts. What the experts want is the records exactly as they were made in the Arctic regions. If Cook insists that they must be revised or explained, let him at once place them in the hands of some competent body, such as a trust company, who shall hold them for such use as Cook wishes to make, provided that he works on their premises and in the presence of a trusty witness, who shall at the end of the work testify under oath to the precise nature of the additions that Cook has made; and let this sworn statement go with the records when they are submitted to experts

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at Copenhagen or elsewhere. Cook's friends in particular are just the persons who should insist on this method of working the records up for examination. Without some competent and impartial testimony as to the nature of two months' work on the records, the public will be in grave doubt as to what is original and what is "improved." X.

Cambridge, Mass., October 22.

Literature.

HARPER'S FERRY AND GETTYSBURG.

John Brown. By W. E. Burghardt DuBois. Philadelphia: George W. Jacobs & Co. $1.25 net.

That so gifted a writer as the author of "Souls of Black Folk" should be tempted to write a new life of John Brown from the point of view of the negro is easily understood. It also goes without saying that Dr. DuBois has made a readable volume of his appreciation of the martyr of 1859, the fiftieth anniversary of whose execution is now at hand. So little have the negroes themselves as yet done to honor the memory of John Brown that this book might have taken on a special significance. But Dr. DuBois's work is disappointing in that it betrays no original research and abounds in inaccuracies. This is partly because he has relied upon his predecessors in the field. His is the eighth serious biography of John Brown to appear and unfortunately only one or two of these were written in the spirit or manner of the historian who desires to be impartial and to go to original sources for his information. Thus Col. R. J. Hinton's book is frankly a brief for Brown, and Mr. Sanborn's biography, a treasure-house of material, suffers from the author's association with the preparations for Harper's Ferry. It is, moreover, twenty-four years old and since its publication much has come to light, both in Kansas and elsewhere, which is of importance to the interpreter of Brown and his times.

For this and other reasons, Dr. DuBois leaned upon untrustworthy staves, when he relied upon his predecessors. A few examples will suffice. He accepts Col. Hinton's attribution to Edmund Babb of Cincinnati of the anonymous letter of August 20, 1859, betraying Brown's exact plans to Secretary Floyd. But it has been known for years that David J. Gue, now living in New York city, was the author of that letter and that it was written not to injure Brown, but to save his life by heading off the raid. The full story Dr. DuBois will find in Benjamin F. Gue's valuable "History of Iowa," published in 1903. Again, he follows Redpath in accusing the Border Ruffians of wholesale assaulting of women in the early Kansas days. In the entire range of Kansas literature and manuscripts now available, there are but two recorded instances of this crime, and these are by no means wholly established, for at least one rests only upon Redpath's word, when acting as correspondent of an Eastern newspaper. Dr. DuBois also assumes, with another biographer, that John Brown's victims on the Pottowatomie had the benefit of some sort of trial. But not a scintilla of evidence has yet been produced to confirm this belief. Indeed, the facts all make against it. Again, Dr. DuBois accepts without investigation the repeated statements that John Brown was descended from Peter Brown of the Mayflower, although this is denied by the foremost authorities on the Mayflower genealogies. Finally, it must be noted that Dr. DuBois follows Sanborn, Hinton, and others in justifying the abominable Pottowatomie massacre, which, had it been perpetrated by Border Ruffians, would have been denounced as a crime against humanity.

But Dr. DuBois's own errors are numerous enough. He makes of George B. Gill, Brown's Kansas follower, a Canadian (p. 223), whereas he was an American; to Jeremiah G. Anderson of Indiana, born of sturdy, white farmer parentage, he attributes negro blood (p. 282), and Lewis Sheridan Leary, a free-born negro, becomes slave-born on the same page and is dubbed Lewis Sherrard Leary as well. Of the twenty-two raiders, Dr. DuBois says that "six or seven" were negroes; he adds John Anderson, a mythical raider, and Jeremiah G. Anderson to the five actual negroes, Leary, Copeland, O. P. Anderson, Green, and Newby. Incredible as it may seem, Dr. DuBois records that seventeen negroes were "probably killed" in the raid, when, besides four of Brown's negroes, Leary, Copeland, Green, and Newby, but two slaves lost their lives, and neither of these while fighting. He accepts also, in all its absurdities, the narrative of O. P. Anderson, the negro who escaped, and endorses it as a trustworthy document. Yet Anderson insisted, for one thing, that there were thirty men killed on the Southern side, in the face of Col. Robert E. Lee's official report to President Buchanan that there were but five deaths, all told, in addition to John Brown's own losses; and Lee is yet to be accused of falsifying facts or failing to obtain them.

Dr. DuBois is not, however, to be bound even by John Brown's words, for he evolves the astounding theory that the raid failed through the delay of the rear-guard in Maryland in moving the arms into Harper's Ferry before the trap into which Brown had walked was sprung. But, unfortunately for this, Brown repeatedly stated while in jail that he deserved to be hanged for his military blundering (for instance see New York *Herald*, November 24, 1859), and he assured Gov. Wise and others that his care for his prisoners led him to delay too long, despite the warnings of his men that he must leave the town at once. Part of Dr. DuBois's difficulty here is due to his belief that William Thompson, Brown's messenger to the rear-guard, failed to reach it. If he should read Terence Byrne's testimony before the Senate Committee of Inquiry and John E. Cook's confession, he would not only ascertain that Thompson did carry out his instructions but find many details with which he is now unacquainted.

Coming to John Brown's trial, Dr. DuBois says that the jury "was empanelled without challenge," although, in fact, Brown's counsel used every peremptory challenge to which he was entitled. This is duly recorded in the minutes of the trial and attested by the presiding judge. Again, the author places Brown in Iowa in August, 1856, although he never entered the State at that time. But why continue? A page of the *Nation* would not suffice to record the other slips which make it impossible to accept this volume, readable as it is, as a reliable contribution to America's history. This is most regrettable because of Dr. DuBois's valuable sociological studies, upon the accuracy of which no doubts have been cast. His last chapter in the book before us is a notable discussion of the race question as it stands to-day in the light of John Brown's sacrifice.

The Battle of Gettysburg. By Frank A. Haskell. Wisconsin History Commission.

This account of the great battle of the civil war, written within a month of the engagement, has had a somewhat singular fortune. Though printed at once, it received little attention until after forty-five years. Then, in quick succession, two editions, somewhat garbled, were published in New England. These have been widely circulated, the narrative so long neglected being declared by high authority to be "far and away the best description of Gettysburg ever written." In view of this recognition, the Wisconsin History Commission does well to reprint the document once more, taking care that the text shall stand as originally written.

Since this long-forgotten story is suddenly receiving such attention, it will be worth while to consider what it is and what it is not. Haskell, a Dartmouth graduate of 1854, settled as a lawyer in Wisconsin, whence he went to the war, falling at last at Cold Harbor, in 1864, colonel of his regiment (the Thirty-sixth Wisconsin Volunteers), and in command of a brigade. His service had been constant and brilliant. In 1863 he was adjutant-general on the staff of

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Gibbon, commander of the Second Corps at Gettysburg, and in that capacity went through the memorable three July days. Before the month ended, he set down what he had witnessed and endured in a letter to a brother, without thought of publication, and this letter constitutes the book.

As the personal record of a brave and capable soldier who was in the heart of the battle, the story deserves all that has been claimed; as a history of the event, however, it has inevitable shortcomings. What fell under Haskell's own eyes—and he saw much besides the work of the Second Corps—he describes with surprising accuracy and vividness; in what he reports from hearsay, he sometimes errs and sometimes omits, though he hits the truth more nearly than would seem possible, writing as he did almost at the moment. He represents Meade as having selected Gettysburg for the encounter, and as deliberately concentrating there for that purpose: it is now well established that the meeting of Buford's cavalry with A. P. Hill's corps, which brought on the engagement, on the morning of July 1, was quite by chance, and that Meade fought on ground of which he was ignorant, his plan for making a stand at Pipe Creek coming to naught. As regards the work of the wings, Haskell's report is neither full nor correct. The struggle on the left for Little Round Top, on July 2, one of the crises of this battle, receives slight mention, and the name of so distinguished a participant as G. K. Warren is not once given. The imminence of the danger which the Twelfth Corps warded off on the right, when the Stonewall division pushed to within an eighth of a mile of the Federal rear, on the Baltimore pike, has small appreciation. Haskell's necessarily hasty judgments as to men and events must sometimes be rejected. He denies to Sickles, commander of the Third Corps, both character and capacity, and holds his conduct, on July 2, in taking ground in advance of the line laid down for him by Meade, to be quite incomprehensible; whereas, though Sickles's disobedience may have been inexcusable, he nevertheless had, in the dominance in his front of the crest along which runs the Emmitsburg road, an excellent military reason for feeling uneasy. Our author never mentions the Eleventh Corps except in terms of disparagement; and yet no one circumstance probably contributed more toward the Federal success than Steinwehr's occupation, on July 1, of the crest of Cemetery Hill. The possibility of a counter-stroke, immediately after Pickett's repulse on July 3, does not seem to enter our author's mind, although he states that the Sixth Corps, the largest in the army, well commanded, not hitherto engaged, and burning for conflict, stood right on the field within a mile or two of the disordered Confederate retreat. He sets July 13 as the earliest moment when Lee could be attacked with any hope of success. Then at Williamsport the triumphant Federals held their discomfited foes in a narrow space, with the swollen Potomac behind them. Even here he declares Meade was not over-cautious in delaying attack till he had fully reconnoitred. The result of the delay, however, was Lee's complete escape. The world has come to feel that Meade's caution was untimely, and that the war thereby was sadly prolonged.

Gettysburg's great interest lies in the question it suggests: Why did Lee fail? As a soldier, Lee is indubitably a far greater figure than Meade. How could such a leader fail, in the prime of his power, with an army almost matchless, practically equal in numbers to the adversaries, whom he had repeatedly beaten? Did Lee's own management come short, or were his lieutenants at fault? What brought that proud spirit so low that he fell into depression, begged he might be allowed to resign, and that some younger man might take his place? It is hardly fair to look to Haskell for an answer to these interesting questions.

Haskell's record, therefore, is not at all a satisfactory history of Gettysburg. But as an account of what one man saw and went through in that battle it is perhaps unrivalled. His position was at the centre, in closest touch with the defence of the lines against Pickett's charge, the event in which the battle culminated. While on some minor points he is in conflict with other good witnesses of the event, his substantial accuracy cannot be doubted, while for vividness the description has not been excelled. We mention as passages especially graphic the council of war at Meade's headquarters on the night of July 2, with its pictures of the corps-commanders as they gathered; the repast on the crest, immediately before the Confederate assault, of which Meade, Hancock, Gibbon, and Pleasanton partook, chatting meanwhile of what lay behind and before; and, finally, the breasting of the storm of attack. Here, by a miracle, Haskell, the only mounted officer, escaped with merely a severe contusion. His stout horse, though gashed by a shell and with three bullets in his body, did not fail him until the "high tide" rolled back from the "clump of trees."

The Wisconsin History Commission deserves thanks for printing entire and in authentic shape this invaluable document.

CURRENT FICTION.

Martin Eden. By Jack London. New York: The Macmillan Co.

The literary free lance is, as should be well-known, the butt of an unfeeling world. He eats behind the screen in the bookseller's shop, or below salt at the editorial table. Though he work at his unorganized trade twenty hours a day, he is looked upon as rather a shiftless person. People wonder why he does not get a job, and editors return his manuscripts quite as if he did not need the money. It very seldom falls to him to be avenged as handsomely as he now is *in re* "Martin Eden."

Martin came of poor and otherwise unspecified parentage, had a few years of public-schooling, and went to sea with his teens, already an accomplished hoodlum. He had thereafter a varied experience as hand before the mast, stevedore, pearl-diver, smuggler, and general rowdy of adventure. At twenty, happening to spend between voyages an interval at San Francisco, he met a young woman of higher social standing, and fell in love with her. One of two things might have been expected to follow: either the girl would scorn him for his uncouthness, and he, after a period of outer darkness, would find himself a mate of his own class; or he would raise himself to something approaching his beloved's level, develop business ability, and be taken into partnership with her father. Neither of these things did actually happen. Instead, Martin made up his mind to be an author. This naturally seemed a preposterous programme to the girl, who called his attention to the probability that an apprenticeship was necessary to the trade of letters as to any other. Martin did not see this; he began a stiff if random course of reading all by himself, progressing in a few days from Swinburne to Madame Blavatsky and Spencer. The girl advised him to study grammar, and, for a wonder, he took the advice, studying by himself throughout an eight months' voyage, and returning to San Francisco a master of English. Apparently the whole subsequent action takes place within a year or so. Martin wrote an extraordinary amount of copy and sent it the rounds of the principal editorial markets. He knew it was a good deal better than most copy, but for a long time none of it was accepted. This offended his sense of justice, but he kept on. After an immense interval (several months, apparently), one or two manuscripts were taken, and either not paid for, or paid for at starvation rates. A group of lyrics which he sold to a Chicago publication (at a dollar apiece) were horribly garbled by the tyrant at the editorial desk.

Meanwhile he had become betrothed to the girl, against her parent's wishes, against her own better judgment. She

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considered herself his superior in every detail but physical strength. She had taken a university degree (in English), and knew the conventional thing to say on "culture" topics. But he refused to accept a place in her father's office, and went on writing copy which she condemned because it was unsalable. Finally she sent him about his business, and it was then that the tide chanced to turn. A book (a philosophical treatise) was accepted by an Eastern publisher, and made a big hit, on the strength of which Martin was able to unload every word of copy he had previously offered in vain. He wrote no more, but contented himself with the ironical occupation of piling up a fortune of a hundred thousand on the strength of work which had been done and despised before his *coup*. Martin was now a disillusioned man, and his startling end was near. In achieving it, he employed the only means by which he could adequately express his contempt for university people, editors, publishers, and the reading mob. Such of the reading mob as may be attracted to his history are likely to discern a good deal of autobiography therein, and to be stirred piquantly by its daring adumbrations of various well-known proper names. But nothing actionable!

The Way Things Happen. By Hugh de Selincourt. New York: John Lane Co.

And do they really happen in the world as they do in this gentlewomanly chronicle? Incontrovertibly they do; indeed, one might accuse Mr. de Selincourt of plagiarizing Real Life, that novelist who sticks at no improbability and to whom no canon of art is sacred. In its mild, low-voiced moralizing, its gracious and circumspect composure, its seemly emotions, this sudden idyl of London recalls the immortal "long, thin love-story of two old maids and an old bachelor," which some of us hold more truly the crown of Thrums than Tommy himself. Miss Paul, a gentle lady who has become a specialist in joy despite loneliness and poverty, meets with a man whose capacity for joy has survived the yet more crucial test of loneliness and wealth. The first time he steps from his six-cylinder Napier at the door of her lodgings, he proposes, after the manner of a prince in a fairy-tale, to carry her off straightway to a future of love and luxury. She is as frank and simple in the confession of her own need of him, but they are barely settled in their new home when he is brought dying from a street accident, and the gentle looker-on at life sees the close of her golden interlude. Her brave struggle to be true to his name for her—"my apostle of joy"—fills the rest of her life and of the book, which her chronicler closes with this fitting epitaph: "A little corner of the world was unquestionably cleaner and brighter and happier because she had lived. That is why her history is worth recording."

It is a pity that so charming a whole should be marred by a somewhat affected style; Mr. de Selincourt's pen picks its way at times with a mincing primness the example for which could never have been set by Miss Paul's feet.

The City of Beautiful Nonsense. By E. Temple Thurston. New York: Dodd, Mead & Co.

The web of this romance is spun quite in the French manner. And, indeed, the reader, from the first chapter, becomes a busy translator, re-turning to France the plot, the geography, the manners, epigrams, and language of this clever and entertaining little idyll. When by chance John and Jill meet at St. Joseph's altar on the eve of the saint's day, on candle-burning bent, it is hard for the reader to regard them as really at home in Sardinia Street Chapel, in London; his fancy carries the actors to Paris. The blended pathos and sentimentality of white-haired parents and young lovers—the wedded wit and humor—these qualities are equally deftly managed, equally Gallic. Even the language has at times the manner of a translation, as in such sentences as these:

> An ideal as high above the conception of life as it is good for the eyes of man to lift.
>
> Since he had come back from Venice the world might have been dead of her.

There is, however, an untranslated sound about "awfully cute," and it is a blow when John thus describes his little white-haired mother. Grammar too often suffers, and proofreading has failed to alleviate; but delightful sayings bubble freely and certain scenes have the lustre of fine enamel.

The Redemption of Kenneth Galt. By Will N. Harben. New York: Harper & Bros.

There is a sort of playfulness occasionally indulged in by well-known publishers, that consists in launching a trashy book with a reputable imprint, to the great discomfiture of the too-trusting public. Harper & Bros., in such a mood, cast forth "Kenneth Galt." So might a staid and ponderous judge cast a paper-filled purse in the street on All Fools' Day, looking to his victims' wry faces for his jest's reward. This book has astonishingly little excuse for being, even in this age of incontinent pens. The plot and characters are as hackneyed as the title, and the quality of the English, which is richly journalese, differs sadly from that of mercy. Even the moral is of questionable value, though the writer's intention is evidently honorable. Kenneth Galt has ruined and deserted a simple village maiden; she has shielded him—at the expense of another man's reputation—through a series of persecutions that are at the present day the specialty of melodrama. He returns, to find her noble, talented, self-supporting, and more beautiful than ever. He yearns for her and for his child, and finally overcomes her natural aversion to his belated proposals of marriage by working on her desire to give their boy an unblemished name. She marries him, therefore, loving and respecting another man, who, we may remark in passing, seems to have done but little to deserve these sentiments. Such are the papers in the April Fool purse. Regarded humorously, the book may be enjoyed; and, after all, one could hardly be prepared to take the contents of such a cover seriously.

CITY GOVERNMENT.

Chapters on Municipal Administration and Accounting. By Frederick A. Cleveland. New York: Longmans, Green, & Co. $2 net.

Accounts: Their Construction and Interpretation. By William Morse Cole. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Co. $2 net.

We are only gradually awakening to understand that the management of a modern municipality is a matter of business. We have devoted much attention to the relative merits of the mayoralty and the commission scheme of government, to the composition of the common council, to the appointment of certain municipal officials by the State, and the like; but in only one or two of our largest cities, and there only recently, have we come to appreciate that a municipality is a corporation with manifold and complicated activities, and that, to be directed in such manner as to promote the highest public welfare, it must employ the most approved and modern business methods. It is the purpose of this book by Mr. Cleveland, the director of the Bureau of Municipal Research in New York city, to advance this idea. The volume is a collection of magazine articles, and of addresses and reports delivered to various bodies during the last six years. It has the weaknesses which are necessarily found in a work of this sort: it is loosely constructed full of repetition, and in some respects out of date. However, its constant reiteration of fundamental principles will prove not to be a fault if it results in driving home the indisputable propositions so clearly and convincingly set forth. These propositions can be briefly stated.

First, good government is based on accurate knowledge. Legislation which prescribes the powers and duties of officials may be ever so carefully drawn, but it is impotent to accomplish its purpose if the public is without the information necessary to appraise the services of its officials. Secondly, this pub-

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licity can be secured in the modern municipality, with its manifold financial, industrial, and social activities, only through a complete scientific system of accounts. Thirdly, such a system of accounts will fail of its purpose if it contemplates merely a scheme of checks and balances which shall protect the public against official malfeasance. Rather must the system be patterned after that employed by the large business corporation, and so present the facts that they will form a basis for wise administrative control. The administrative value of accounts—this is the doctrine urged throughout the volume. The skeptical have only to read the detailed description of the condition of New York's accounts at the time investigation was undertaken by the Bureau of Municipal Research to be convinced of the necessity of some new system that will let in the light. It is certainly a pitiful spectacle when the greatest city in the country is utterly unable to determine from its records whether or not it has exceeded its debt limit.

Chapters are devoted to the consideration of separate departments of municipal administration, such, for example, as the New York Board of Education, hospitals, and eleemosynary institutions. It is to be regretted that the work of the Bureau of Municipal Research is not described in greater detail. Yet its influence is apparent in all the reforms now under way, and its work should soon so commend itself to the body of New York citizens that it will be made an integral part of the city government. Chicago's experience is touched upon and its reform movement described.

The title of Mr. Cole's book accurately describes its contents. It is in no sense a discussion of accounting principles. It is rather a description of the various forms of accounts with detailed instructions as to their use. To be sure, much can be gathered from it concerning the fundamental bases of accounting, but it must be picked up by the way. The volume is written by an accountant rather than by an economist or a student of finance. The distinction between the two kinds of writing becomes clear if one consults, for example, chapter seven on the distinction between capital and revenue. Instead of entering into a discussion of fundamental economic differences, the author informs his readers to what accounts the various items there discussed should be carried. Again, chapter eight, entitled the General Principles of Depreciation, is concerned almost wholly with methods of handling depreciation. For the student of accounting practice, this book, clearly and concisely written, should prove a valuable guide.

Part one covers in an elementary way the principles of bookkeeping, in which the fundamental books and statements are described. Part two, called the Principles of Accounting, treats of Capital and Revenue, Depreciation, and the Balance Sheet. Then follow chapters which apply the principles to various forms of business activity, such as railways, banks, trust companies, insurance companies, factories, and municipalities. The book closes with a brief chapter on Auditing, and with appendices containing information concerning forms and statements.

It is difficult to understand why some of the chapters have been included in a book of this kind. For example, chapter fifteen, called Accounting in Reorganizations, is corporation finance, pure and simple; chapter twelve on Principal and Interest in Valuations is a discussion of the theory of annuities; chapter eighteen on Accounting for Insurance and for Life Tenures is a discussion of the fundamental principles upon which life insurance is based. No doubt, this is all valuable information to the young accountant, but if all these lines of investigation are legitimately within the field of accounting, one must revise one's conception of this growing "science." The best chapter is that on Factory Accounting, which makes a thorough study of the subject of costs.

Essays of Poets and Poetry, Ancient and Modern. By T. Herbert Warren. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co. $3 net.

The nine essays composing this book are highly typical of modern academic criticism in England, in their leisurely movement, sound learning, and moderation, as well as in their inequality and occasional slackness of grasp. Vice-Chancellor of Oxford, President of Magdalen, author in prose and verse, Dr. Warren presents in collected form the occasional criticism—review articles, public addresses, and the like—of nearly fifteen years. All the better qualities of the *genre* he represents appear in the initial essay on Sophocles. The supremacy of the author is illuminated by parallels from many times and tongues. Particularly satisfying is the analogy with Goethe. In conclusion Dr. Warren stakes the case of Greek on Sophocles—a daring but a warrantable challenge to modernizing humanists. The historians, the philosophers, the other dramatists, even Homer, we may have in a fashion at second hand, or in measurable equivalents, but if "the world were ever to give up Greek as a part of the general culture of its most cultivated minds, the greatest treasure it would lose is Sophocles." To this, most Grecians will say amen. All that Dr. Warren writes about the Aristotelian distinction between "frenzied" and disciplined genius is excellent and for our times most salutary.

How the author of the brilliant essay on Matthew Arnold could have written the rest of this volume is a puzzle worthy the attention of Baconian cipher experts. It seems to us the best thing yet written on that most serious of Victorian poets and most dandified of recent critics. Dr. Warren has stated Arnold's paradox fully and frankly and has unravelled it with a clarity, lightness, and sympathy more suggestive of the Rue des Ecoles than of "The High." One realizes as never before the highly unstable equilibrium of Arnold—something quite different from the frivolity of which he was commonly accused. Too much the man of the world to be wholly the poet, he was also too much the moralist to become completely the critic, and perhaps too much the publicist *in petto* to enter far upon either pathway of the muses. Everybody knows that overmuch school inspecting and the *res angustulæ* hemmed him in at every point. But Dr. Warren rightly concludes that Arnold's limitations were rather of temperament than of conditions. He gives the impression of a protean talent that never quite found itself. But it is much to say of any man—and particularly of a vacillator—that in the triple capacity of poet, critic, and pedagogue-theorist, he will not wholly die. Towards Arnold's none too auspicious excursions into theology, Dr. Warren seems to us something short of fair and generous. As mere influence, "God and the Bible" and "Religion and Dogma" probably rank with any similar English books of the half-century. The gist of the latter book is also that of the Modernist movement. In fine, most of the present-day pragmatical religious positions were cheerfully occupied by Arnold a score of years before the term had been invented. All this will doubtless pass, but meanwhile the pioneer deserves his credit.

Six of the seven remaining essays—The Art of Translation, Dante and the Art of Poetry, Virgil and Tennyson, Gray and Dante, Tennyson and Dante, Ancient and Modern Classics—leave a little the impression that the author has said learnedly and gracefully just what might have been expected. In that on Dante and Tennyson, he emphatically overdrives the free horse of personal parallelism. The concluding study, In Memoriam After Fifty Years, is an elaborate defence and exposition along the orthodox lines of Tennysonian commentary. It reaffirms Genung, Van Dyke, and the rest. No critic, we feel, has perceived the real critical dilemma involved. We are told that no one can appreciate the poem, unless he has lived it, while obviously no one who has lived it is quite in a position to pass upon it as sheer poetry. No other very great poem refuses the approach from without. In the case of "In Memoriam," now nearly sixty years away from us, the opportunity for circumspection seems suspiciously postponed. Possibly, it would bear

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objective treatment rather ill. In the long run, it may appear that the much berated reviewer who suspected "the widow of a military man" to be the author was less a fool than a knave. At any rate, the "In Memoriam" question is far from closed.

We have considered too briefly these learned and well matured essays. A seasoned reader will find pleasurable matter and suggestive judgments in all; a grudging Epicurean would perhaps hardly venture beyond the second essay. Academic critics and reviewers in America may well yearn for an air in which such casual flowers of scholarship may bloom in so dignified a seemliness.

The Human Way. By Louise Collier Willcox. New York: Harper & Bros. $1.25 net.

"If all the peace and power and joy you can ever win, must be won now, and all fruit of victory gathered here or never"—then, what? To those for whom the ancient religious way of reconciliation with life is no longer available this book commends the quest, in the Ruskinian sense, of the crown of wild olive. It is written apparently by one who has effected some measure of harmony between the desires with which we are born and the knowledge which is thrust upon us; by one who is conscious of the results of modern thought and is not dismayed by them. Mrs. Willcox has what was formerly common enough among women—the religious temperament. She is sensitive to the influence of storied windows richly dight, to the splendor of Latin chants, to the intimate appeal of St. Francis and of Plotinus. But, what is distinctly less common, she also reveals genuine sympathy with the stoical utterances of Marcus Aurelius and Epictetus and with the hard sayings of Eastern moralists. Something of mystical fervor meeting with intellectual candor in a mind disposed to reflection lends to her style at its best a certain masculine energy and distinction. From her chapter on life out-of-doors, inspired, perhaps, equally by nature and Thoreau, this for an example of the poetically vigorous: "The wind is a fine companion for the striding heart." For an example of the plain austere, this from a passage on symbols: "An inspiration toward righteousness must be very vague indeed that does not result in a duty performed, an obligation accepted, or *some kind of commemoration.*"

The "human way" of reconciliation involves a fusion of pragmatism with a refined type of modern epicureanism and cosmic enthusiasm. It disposes of pain and evil by conceiving of creation as the "struggles of spiritual beings to come to higher and fuller consciousness." It insists that "progress is one movement of all humanity, not the separate jaunt of a sect or a party," and it finds, therefore, an uplifting solemnity "in the least task of so great a work as the unification of human endeavor." It rehabilitates the will, affirming the creative power of steadfast desire:

> The world-will is indeed without us, but it is also within. The universe pushes against us, and in the end, will surely overthrow our bodies and we shall lay them down to make some spot of earth greener and more fertile, but so long as the life-breath is in us, the world-will is within as well as without. So long as we breathe we can react against the push of the universe.

So far as Mrs. Willcox deals with fundamental philosophical ideas, she shows clearly the influence of Professor James's thought and even of his style. But her book is primarily an essay on the fine art of living, and in her plea for the decoration of the spirit, she looks to Pater as her master:

> If we will have life repay us, even to the last, when age and decay encroach, then *il faut cultiver son jardin*—we must be unremitting gardeners of life, we must hoard beauties, we must keep records of them as they flit, we must be ever alert to catch the essence of the rare and worthy moment and to prolong its life in memory and in written annals or imitative images.

These lines are little more than a restatement of a well known passage in Pater, and Mrs. Willcox is rather frequent in such reminiscences. This, indeed, gives interest to her work, that it reflects so many different aspects of contemporary thought and feeling. Yet in its total impression, her book seems not secondary and parasitical, but fresh and independent. She has assimilated, composed, and harmonized the elements of culture. She has written with an air of meditation and a note of conviction which awaken the perceptions of the reader to the finer qualities of his experience.

The City of Jerusalem. By Col. C. R. Conder, LL.D., M.R.A.S., R.E. New York. E. P. Dutton & Co. $4 net.

Col. Conder has written this work with the object, as he tells us in the preface, of presenting in a convenient form the results of research and exploration, "which have accumulated during the last half century, but which are scattered in many expensive works, not easily accessible for the general reader." He has cast his material into the form of a history of "forty centuries," based chiefly on "monumental information," and "carried down to the present year." His opportunities for acquaintance with Jerusalem and its antiquities have been unusual. Connected with the Palestine Exploration Fund's surveys from 1872 to 1882, he spent in all three winters in Jerusalem itself, where he had the opportunity of seeing Warren's and Maudeslay's explorations, and, owing to the deconsecration at that period of the Dome of the Rock, for the purpose of repairs, of examining for himself portions of the temple area which the ordinary explorer must take on the word of others.

The changes which have taken place in Jerusalem since that time are extraordinary. Valleys have been filled up, new areas have been built upon, and ancient remains obliterated, so that the best trained scholar of to-day must take at hearsay much of what the man of forty years ago could see with his own eyes. Of course, even then the topography of the ancient city had been seriously obscured, as the excavations of Warren and others have shown, the surface of the Herodian period lying at places forty or even ninety feet below the present surface, while the rock east of the Haram area was 125 feet below the present level of the ground; but the changes in the last thirty years have been greater than those in the 300 years preceding.

Conder points out that, with the exception of the Herodian fortress by the Joppa gate, the temple site, the tower of Antonia, the Tyropoeon valley, and the Pool of Siloam, there is no absolute agreement on ancient sites in Jerusalem. He himself holds, with the older school, against the present dominant view, that the southwestern city, modern Zion, was the original city of David, and that the orthodox Calvary, the site of the Church of the Holy Sepulchre, was Akra. He believes that the *sakhra*, the holy stone enclosed within the present Dome of the Rock, was not the site of the altar before the Holy Place, but the "foundation stone" of the temple, on which the western wall of the Holy of Holies rested. In front of this, eastward, the rock originally descended in steps, so that, viewed from that side, the original effect must have been much like that of a Babylonian stage-tower or *ziggurat*, the Holy of Holies occupying the place of the small shrine on the summit of the latter. The tomb of David was probably the ancient tomb discovered in the orthodox Golgotha, while the real Golgotha was the knoll near the Damascus gate, to the north of Jerusalem. The tomb of Joseph of Arimathea, in which the body of Jesus was laid, was not, however, the so-called Gordon's tomb, which is preserved and shown as such to-day by certain pious but uninformed iconoclasts, this tomb being in reality of a much later date.

The book is interestingly written. The author's views are not put forth in a dogmatic manner, and, while much that he has to say, especially with regard to ancient sites and ancient history, will not be accepted by the modern scholar, the work is full of valuable suggestions, from the author's own observations, and of much interesting and useful information, albeit the reader should at times

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check the facts recorded by reference to other authorities. The least valuable part is that which deals with the pre-Herodian history and antiquities. The most interesting and vivid chapter is that which deals with the Jerusalem of the Herodian period; but probably the most valuable portion is the full account of mediæval sites, both Moslem and Christian, because it is precisely this material which it is difficult to find except by exploration of many and often inaccessible volumes and treatises. The perusal of his remarks on forged coins, contained on page 197, which are also true of Palestinian antiquities in general, might be useful to the tourist, if he could be induced to read them before visiting Jerusalem, and so be persuaded to desist from the purchase of "antiques." On the whole, the book is a welcome addition to Jerusalem literature by one of a generation which saw things before they were destroyed.

Lives of the Hanoverian Queens of England. By Alice Drayton Greenwood. Vol. I: Sophia Dorothea of Celle and Caroline of Ansbach. New York: The Macmillan Co. $3.50 net.

The second volume of these lives is reserved, presumably, for the dull and precise Charlotte of George III and for the foolish and badgered Caroline of the First Gentleman of Europe. And we may say now that, if the sequel is as well studied and written as the part before us, the whole will make a valuable work. Miss Greenwood's purpose is evidently to take a middle ground between the formal political histories, which tend yearly to become more documentally dull, and the popular memoirs, which tend equally to flimsiness and bad English. In both sections of the volume—whether her figures move in the courts of Hanover and Celle or in that of England—the political situation is kept well in view, although, naturally, persons rather than institutions are mainly considered. In this respect Miss Greenwood is particularly successful in unravelling the tangled relations of the electorate. She is more interesting here by far than when she comes down to the tragic story of Sophia Dorothea and the brutal Count Königsmarck, which is her real theme. It is a curious commentary on the essential dulness of all that surrounds the Hanoverians that not even the mystery and pathos of Sophia's love can make that tale anything but vulgar. If Miss Greenwood draws out the sentiment of the adventure to wearisome length, she at least uses notable discretion in separating the facts from the volumes of fiction that soon overlaid it. The riddle of Königsmarck's disappearance she does not pretend to solve, although she accepts the strong evidence of foul play. She evidently tries to believe that Sophia was innocent of real guilt, being led to this partly by natural sympathy and partly by her utter detestation of George I and her desire to present him always in the worst light possible.

This animus against George I, which the present reviewer shares quite heartily, forms in a way the dramatic motive of the book. His meanness, vindictiveness, and lack of kingly qualities ("he knows nothing of what is princely," wrote his caustic aunt, the Duchess of Orleans) throw an atmosphere of pity about Sophia Dorothea; they bequeathed "to his descendants, for four generations, the gloomy tradition of family hatred"; they are, if truth be said, the most human quality in the royal annals. To show them as dark and detestable as possible, the onus of the quarrel between George I and his heir is laid entirely on the father's shoulders. George II is made almost an attractive figure, and as a further consequence the nasty feud between George II and Frederick must be charged entirely to the frivolous impertinences of the latter. This is not precisely the historic temper, but it lends interest to Miss Greenwood's pages, while not leading her to make any real distortions of fact. We ourselves are inclined to accept Hervey's scathing ridicule of George the Second's private life as something closer to truth than mere fictitious satire; but if we would make George II more coarse and foolish than he appears to Miss Greenwood, it does not follow that his father was any better than she makes him.

It is rather the fashion for the historian of institutions to write of the first Georges as, on the whole, wise administrators. Such a view can be supported, but it does not affect their character as the heads of society or their influence on the intellectual life of the day. Caroline was a woman of liberal interests and gathered into her court a number of men, like Bishop Clarke, who discussed the religious and philosophical problems of the day. Miss Greenwood does bravely in her attempt to throw some literary value into the Queen's influence; but the result is small. As a matter of fact, one by one the really great minds of the age—in things of the imagination, that is, not of statecraft—drew away from the Georgian circle. A perusal of the correspondence of Lady Suffolk, Lady Sundon, and others of that set shows only too plainly that something more than political Toryism or rancor for favors unreceived, that, in a word, the inherent dulness and vulgarity of the court were responsible for this aversion. It would not be difficult to maintain the thesis that England's gradual lapse through the eighteenth century from her international leadership in ideas to a state of unideaed somnolence was in considerable measure due to the Hanoverian court.

Miss Greenwood, dealing with the Queens rather than the Kings of St. James's, is naturally thrown upon this social aspect of the court. On the whole, she does admirably with a not very entertaining material, although she might have made more of its literary associations, such as they are. We shall await with interest the story of Charlotte and the second Caroline.

Notes.

John Muir's "Our National Parks" is to be issued by the Houghton Mifflin Co. in a "New Holiday Edition," fully illustrated from photographs by Herbert W. Gleason.

Pierre de Coulevain's "Sur la Branche," translated by Alys Hallard as "On the Branch," is promised for immediate publication by E. P. Dutton & Co.

In "The New North," which the D. Appleton Co. promises for autumn publication, Agnes Deans Cameron writes of her explorations, in the summer of 1908, down the Mackenzie River in Canada to the Arctic Ocean. Miss Cameron gives here an account of the Eskimo and other Northern tribes, which should, at this time, have a peculiar interest. There are to be over a hundred illustrations, chiefly after her own photographs.

Dr. Robert M. Wernaer declares himself—in his "Romanticism and the Romantic School in Germany," now in press—enthusiastically in favor of that coming art which he denominates "humanistic," and in which he sees a reconciliation of the love of liberty in romanticism with the restraining influence in classicism. The German romantic movement as a tendency has not been very thoroughly examined by English or American writers: the study of it, which, forming the basis of this new literary essay, will be looked to, on its publication, with a good deal of curiosity. The writer treads here the mazes of Romanticism and Symbolism, Impressionism and Appreciation, Romantic Irony, The Golden Age and the Blue Flower, and Neo-Romanticism (D. Appleton & Co.).

We have referred to the inclusion in the Constable edition of Meredith in twenty-six volumes of the unfinished novel "Celt and Saxon." In his conversation no less than in his fiction and verse, George Meredith expressed pride in his Celtic heritage; "I have not a single drop of English blood in my veins," he once said to Mr. Shorter. The last named writer, who stands sponsor for this bit of anecdote, states also that "Translations from Homer: Experiments in English Hexameters," will be one of the unfamiliar elements of the new illustrated edition promised by Constable. The American publishers of this Memorial edition, Charles Scribner's Sons, announce further that inclusion will also be made of an unpublished comedy. "The Sentimentalist," other fragments, and several critical reviews. There will, too, be collected all the poetry published by the author over his own name, or with regard to the publication of which he gave instructions. One volume, furthermore, will

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contain notes of various changes and rewritings, together with the bibliography to which we have made an earlier reference. The new edition will be printed from new type on fine paper, and will be sold by subscription. The illustrations will comprise reproductions of many of the original illustrations which accompanied the novels and poems when published in magazine form, the artists being Millais, Du Maurier, Sandys, Charles Keene, and H. K. Browne. A number of portraits will be added, and pictures of scenes associated by the author with many of his novels and poems. There will also be numerous reproductions of MSS. The first volume of this notable edition will probably be issued in November. The Letters of the novelist, which are to be edited by Lord Morley, will not be ready for publication for a year or more.

Dr. Fabian Franklin, who is writing the authoritative life of the late President Gilman, would be obliged for the privilege of reading any letters from him which are likely to be of service. Such documents may be sent to Dr. Franklin, in care of the *Nation*, and will be promptly returned.

Among the recent noteworthy additions to the Boston Public Library are some 900 volumes belonging to the late Louise Chandler Moulton. A special catalogue of the gift is to be found in the quarterly bulletin just issued, in which it is said that the library is now helpfully and significantly strengthened in the field of English and American poetry and belles letters. Many of the volumes are gift copies containing autographs, and frequently more extended writing of a personal nature. Some of them are copies of limited or numbered editions especially issued for the author's use.

The Macmillan Company has a new edition of Edward Caird's "Essays on Literature," which were first collected in a volume in 1892. The thoughtful and ripe style of the late master of Balliol needs no characterization at this day. While still good reading, it is true that most of the essays, as one comes to them in their new issue, seem somehow not quite vital enough to endure. If there are exceptions to this judgment, it would be the discussion of The Problem of Philosophy at the Present Time, which contains an excellent comparison of the reconciliation effected between religion and sophistry by Plato and Aristotle, with the reconciliation between religion and science needed in 1881, when Caird's lecture was given, and still needed. Even better is the essay on Wordsworth, with its admirable comparison of Rousseau and his disciple.

In his "Inns and Taverns of Old London" (L. C. Page & Co.), Henry C. Shelley, as we need go no further than the sub-title to discover, takes in also the chief coffee-houses, clubs, and pleasure gardens of the metropolis. Indeed, he includes rather too much, for his pages would be more entertaining if he allowed himself space for writing more fully about the houses that are richest in traditions. In a good part of the book he traverses the same ground as Timbs, in his well-known "Club Life of London," and the later work, by its too great jauntiness and rapidity, suffers from the comparison. But Mr. Shelley has a good subject, and his writing certainly cannot be condemned for heaviness. From Chaucer's old Tabard Inn, with which he starts, to Finch's Grotto Gardens, with which he closes, he keeps the reader almost in a state of bewilderment with the names of the great and the witty of England, and with anecdotes of their social life. Though his style is light, there is evidence that he has turned over many books to get his material together.

From Sturgis & Walton comes a new edition of Boswell's "Life of Samuel Johnson," edited by Roger Ingpen in commemoration of the great Cham's bi-centenary The two volumes are in quarto size, with the lines extending across the full page. This, with the weight of the paper, which is heavily sized for the illustrations, makes the books rather fatiguing to hand and eye. On the other hand, the type is fair and large, and the printing careful, with fewer errors in the foreign quotations than is common in English books. In fact, there are only one or two misprints in the Latin and Greek which will arrest the reader's eye—supposing that any reader to-day would be arrested even if a spelling board got control of such quotations. The notes, *variorum* and the editor's own, are judicious and sufficient; the index full and serviceable. The real feature of the edition is confessedly the illustrations. These Mr. Ingpen has culled from all sources, and made them a veritable visualization of the men and manners of Johnson's day. His notes take the form chiefly of brief biographical or topographical comments beneath these pictures, and are commonly much to the point. One error, or omission, we have observed, where the editor says (I, 325) that Bishop Lowth "defended Oxford against the attacks of Gibbon and Priestley," forgetting the famous quarrel with Warburton. The present reviewer is not much enamored of picture books, but must confess that this gallery of faces and scenes, many of them new to him, tempted him to a rereading of the familiar story, and made him prefer these heavy volumes to his old favorite edition. Johnson and his friends never before seemed to him quite so living, nor that old London quite so real. And he may add, though it is scarcely pertinent to this notice, that as he finished the long record he was more than ever convinced of the greatness and, beneath the bear's rough coat, the tender-heartedness of the Ursa Major. It seemed to him that, if the moral of Johnson's long musing, and talking, on the meaning of man's life were to be summed up in a few words, it would be in the couplet which opens the Prologue so strangely prepared by the moralist for the comedy of "The Good Natured Man":

> Prest by the load of life, the weary mind
> Surveys the gen'ral toil of human kind.

Most readers of Dr. Washington Gladden's review of a long and variously active career ("Recollections"; Houghton, Mifflin Co.) will agree that the best wine is put before them early. The chapters describing the nature of the struggle for livelihood and for education, in a family of artisans and farmers seventy years ago, are more interesting than the later ones. This is not alone because the experience was rarer, but also because it is written out with more vividness. Dr. Gladden's memory of those rude years is not only retentive, but intense and visualizing. The price which poverty had to pay for bread and books is set down with detail that sticks in the mind. For the rest, the "Recollections" are discursive, part autobiography and part contemporary history, and stamped with that broad churchmanship and geniality, combined with the capacity to stand up stoutly for a firm conviction, which we have been accustomed to associate with the author.

Swinburne's life-long idolatry of his Stratford god culminates in a prose rhapsody of some eighty pages, entitled "Shakespeare," written in 1905, but now first published (Henry Frowde). At its best and at its worst Swinburne's critical work was always almost as lyrical in mood as his poetry. He always expressed a lofty scorn for students of the drama who went to their task with no other equipment than ability to count and patience and erudition. But thirty-five years ago, when he contributed articles to the *Fortnightly Review*—articles later incorporated in his "A Study of Shakespeare," 1880—he was himself an industrious student. His earlier utterances upon Shakespeare, as upon the other Elizabethans, though often tumid and ecstatic, were yet sprinkled with passages revealing a fine appreciation, discrimination, and insight. In his later essays, however, he occupied himself more and more exclusively with the expression of his own violent emotion in the presence of masterpieces. His last tribute to Shakespeare is, as nearly as possible, praise with the substance of praise strained away. He begins on a high note of rapture. Only the "supreme and crowning fools among the foolishest of mankind," he asserts, would deride the declaration that it were better to lose all other treasures of human genius and keep this one than to lose this one and keep all others. He does not attempt serious argument of the thesis; he simply passes in review all the plays, and affirms, in twinned epithets charging pair after pair like sea-horses up the foamy crest of his billowing sentences, that each drama of Shakespeare's, with one or two exceptions, is the most divinely and incomparably excellent thing of its kind in the world. He makes, to be sure, some distinctions among the children of the master's mind, but reverently, as a mortal distinguishes the differing glories of the seraphim. Now that Swinburne walks with Shakespeare among the fields of asphodel it is to be hoped that he regrets the intolerable turgidity of style in this effusion. The substance he will scarcely regret; for it is not a criticism—it is a Pindaric ode, a pæan, a *gloria in excelsis*.

J. Keir Hardie, the author of "India: Impressions and Suggestions" (New York: B. W. Huebsch), is an avowed socialist, and one of the leaders of the Labor party in the House of Commons. The subject matter of his book originally appeared in 1907 in the form of letters in the London *Labor Leader*, a Socialist weekly. Were one but to remove the writer's name from the title page, and an occasional reference to English scenes from the body of his book, it would be easy to imagine these "Impressions and Suggestions" to have been written by a native Hindu agitator. As for what Mr. Hardie learned in two months' time about the $150,000,000 India annually

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pays as its tribute to England, about "probably not less than 75 per cent. of the harvest [that] goes in taxes," about the 70,000,000 Indians who eat "but one square meal a day," about the government spending 1½d. and one shilling per head, respectively, on education and militarism, about "the partition of Bengal [being] a huge blunder," about 5,000,000 Hindus succumbing in the last ten years to plague, which, "in the main, is due to hunger," and many other conditions of a similar nature—he could just as easily have gleaned all these statistics from the casual speeches daily delivered by Indian nationalists, without taking the trouble to go to India. Even in Mr. Hardie's suggestions for quieting the Indian "unrest," there is nothing beyond a rehash of the stock remedies advanced by Indian writers. But we have a more serious fault to find with this book. Mr. Hardie "went to India to see the people." His book gives the impression to the reader that all Indians are dissatisfied—which is not exactly true. His object in sojourning in India being "to learn of their [the East Indians'] grievances," he did not see much of the great work that Indians are manfully doing all over the land to give woman a new status in society, to implant the germ of modern habits in agriculture and industry, to vitalize the people by reformed education, to refashion the national structure on a less conservative and more approved model; and in a hundred ways to hasten the evolution of the country and the natives. The greatest lack of his book is that it is practically silent concerning these features of the India of to-day, which, in the last analysis, mean infinitely more to Hindustan than do verbal and picric acid bombs.

The "Proceedings" of the third annual meeting of the American Society of International Law, held last April, should command attention for the efficient loyalty of the Society to its declared objects, the fostering of the study of international law and the promoting of international relations on the basis of law and justice. The opening address by President Elihu Root has been alluded to in a notice of the July number of the society's quarterly *Journal*. The reasoning of the other papers is no less forcible. John W. Foster reviews the principal arbitrations by which the United States and Great Britain have sought to settle their differences, concluding that as a rule their determinations have not been judicial, or wholly satisfactory. The fault has lain in the method of selecting the tribunal. Mr. Foster cites the late James C. Carter in confirmation of the principle that a party should no more be a judge in his own case in an international matter than in a private litigation; drawing a lesson from the conduct of Lord Chief Justice Cockburn of England in the Geneva arbitration over the Alabama Claims, where this arbitrator assumed the rôle of advocate as well as judge, and as soon as the decision (from which he dissented) was read, seized his hat, and abruptly withdrew. Furthermore, the more recent arbitration over the Venezuelan boundary has, in result, given but scant satisfaction. Delegate Anderson of Costa Rica argues, further, that international differences should be settled by tribunals composed not of publicists, but of jurists; and Wayne MacVeagh pronounces in favor of the submission of international differences to a judicial tribunal in permanent session at The Hague. The two addresses on the constitution and powers which an international Court of Arbitral Justice should possess, one by United States Senator Burton of Ohio, the other by A. J. Montague, former Governor of Virginia, incidentally touch on the same subject.

Of the other matters discussed in the "Proceedings," we find space for passing notice of one only: that of extradition. Of the three papers on this general topic, the second, by F. R. Coudert of New York, discusses elaborately the question of what so-called political offences are; such offences, in fine, as justify our ministers abroad in affording asylum. He charges that the government, one of whose officials, J. Reuben Clark, jr., had read a paper, had followed no consistent policy. No one who reads Mr. Clark's paper can, however, fail to conclude that he sought to assume a judicial attitude, and succeeded. The paper read by Julian W. Mack of Chicago on this subject comes nearer to supporting the view of Mr. Clark than that of Mr. Coudert. Mr. Mack quotes with high approval from our treaty with Brazil: "Extradition shall not be granted if the offence for which the surrender is demanded be of a political character or if the fugitive prove that there is an intention to try or punish him for a political crime." He contends that it is but fair, in considering the rights of revolutionists, to consider the measures taken by the demanding government, in punishing revolutionists; that if it be known that the demanding government inflicts punishments that are inhuman, that fact should debar the granting of extradition of its fugitives. He alludes to the fact that in the Rudovitz case our government had official documents, even admissions in the reports of the Duma itself, of the commission by officials of the most outrageous crimes; the inference being that the possession of such evidence controlled in the refusal to grant extradition.

From R. Bemporad, Florence, we receive "Almanacco Italiano: 1909." Besides the usual chronological, meteorological, and official features, this handbook contains, for the jubilee, an account of the Italian campaign of 1859. There is an abundance of compact encyclopædic information, under such heads as aeronautics, agriculture, domestic economy, women's industries, necrology, etc. Naturally, these chapters are calculated for Italian readers, but the book, with its many illustrations and diversity of well-indexed data, will not come amiss to any one concerned with current affairs on the Continent of Europe.

Dr. Paul Carus has selected a number of the rhymes of the German mystic Silesius, rendered them into English in the original metre, and printed both German and English on the same page. The volume is an addition to the large library of mysticism, whose constant growth is one of the signs of the times ("Angelus Silesius." By Paul Carus; Chicago: The Open Court Publishing Company).

In its deaconesses the Methodist Church has long had one of the most valuable forms of Christian service for social betterment, and at a conference held at St. Louis last autumn their work and other forms of philanthropic effort conducted under Methodist auspices were discussed. The papers are published under the title "The Socialized Church"; they are edited by the Rev. Worth M. Tippy, D.D., (Eaton & Mains).

In the third volume of "The Historical Bible," on "The Kings and Prophets of Israel and Judah" (Charles Scribner's Sons), Prof. Charles Foster Kent has performed the task necessary to careful study of the Old Testament, but difficult and involved for all but specialists, of weaving together in chronological order the narratives of the historical books and the sections of the prophetical writings which deal with the same period. Only the important passages have been included; and by means of brief introductory notes, which portray the historical situation, the reader is enabled to follow readily the sequence of events and discern the significance of the narratives.

German prose has very little that corresponds with the French *causerie*, yet Georg Hermann has no need of apology in offering the volume entitled "Sehnsucht: Ernste Plaudereien" (Berlin: Egon Fleischel & Co.) to the readers whose sympathies he has won by his novels. The book seems to have been written with no other purpose but that of fixing in the author's mind and conveying to his readers impressions received and conclusions arrived at in odd moments. There is here a genuine sentiment quite rare in the writings of modern Germany, so heavily laden with the supercilious cynicism of a generation drifting towards decadence. In one of his lighter papers, Hermann pleads for childhood; it is not half so essential for the child to become a man as for the man to remain at heart a child. Hermann has no sympathy with monarchy, army, clergy, bureaucracy. He is not even a patriot in the accepted sense of the word, and ventures the assertion: "Napoleon was a bearer of free thoughts, and the Rhine provinces looked upon him not as destroyer, but as deliverer. Leipzig and Waterloo are victories of reaction over progress. Had Napoleon been victorious, they might have been the last battles of history." He protests even against the exaggerated worship of fatherland and mother-tongue. Among other heresies is his doubt of the vitality of serious drama. He sees in the theatre a place of amusement which should never attempt to be anything but play, and in reality does not want to be taken seriously.

"Grosse Männer" is a collection of essays and lectures by Wilhelm Ostwald, published by the Akademische Verlagsgesellschaft, Leipzig, and worthy of careful digestion. The giants of the centuries are, of course, themes for the philosopher's attention, but there is a conscientious, if not always sympathetic, consideration of "the great" in very recent times, and some interesting references to contemporaries and associates of the writer himself, including Zeppelin. Dr. Eliot and Benjamin Thompson are, perhaps, the only Americans mentioned, but Ostwald includes them both among the men who have rolled the world along apace. Thompson (Count Rumford) he credits with having given an early impetus to scientific research everywhere, while in Dr. Eliot's refusal, some years ago, to accept the football autocrats as the proper persons to

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bring about reform in American football, he finds a somewhat surprising argument in favor of looking to a new set of men to bring about German school reform. The volume concludes with effective summaries on the woman question, the German professor taking kindly to the idea of woman's advancement—"when properly kept within the ropes." He admits her power to do much that man alone has generally done, but doubts if she can attain to the highest in science.

Few autobiographies contain such a variety of strange adventures and singular reminiscences as "Helene von Racowitza: Von Anderen und Mir, Erinnerungen aller Art" (Berlin: Poetel). The maiden name of the autobiographer was Helene von Dönniger, and she was born in 1845 in Munich, where her father held the post of tutor of the Crown Prince (the future Maximilian II). Her first husband, von Racowitza, she married when she was under twenty years of age. He died soon afterwards in a state of mental depression at having killed in a duel Ferdinand Lassalle—a rival for the hand of Helene. (See "Ferdinand Lassalle and Helene von Dönniger: A Modern Tragedy," by Elizabeth E. Evans; London, 1897). After her first husband's death, she married an actor, Siegwart Friedmann, from whom she was divorced. Some time afterward she became the wife of Baron Serge von Schewitsch, with whom she is now living at Munich. In the course of her most recent matrimonial engagement, the writer of this autobiography has toured the United States with her husband and a theatrical troupe organized by him. She has also assisted him in his journalistic and literary ventures. These memoirs of a fascinating and versatile adventuress bring the reader into contact with her most celebrated contemporaries in literature, music (Liszt), the fine arts (Lenbach and Makart), as well as in politics and social life.

Prof. Edward Heyck has published, as volume 29 in the series of which he is the editor, and which is known as Monographien der Weltgeschichte, a popular account of Luther, based on the latest researches, bearing the simple title "Luther." The author is a master of precise and condensed style. The illustrations, 114 in number, are mostly excellent reproductions of contemporaneous pictures.

The death of Henry Charles Lea removes one of the most widely known of American scholars. He was the third of a distinguished family to gain a literary reputation. His maternal grandfather was Matthew Carey, the publisher, who in the last years of the eighteenth century and in the early part of the last had some reputation as a writer, and his father, Isaac Lea, also a publisher, was noted as a naturalist. Henry Charles Lea was born in Philadelphia on September 19, 1825. He never attended school or college, but received, long before the end, the honorary degrees of Harvard, Princeton, the University of Pennsylvania, Giessen, and Moscow. From 1843 until 1880 he was engaged in the publishing business, although in seasons of what he called "intellectual leisure" he undertook historical research. Before, however, he attained his reputation as an historian of mediæval Europe, he wrote several scientific articles and books. Among his earlier productions were essays on "Superstition and Force" (1866) a "Sketch of Sacerdotal Celibacy," which so recently as 1907 was reprinted in London, and "Studies in Church History" (1869). In 1888 appeared the "History of the Inquisition in the Middle Ages," in three volumes; of which a French translation has been made and German and Italian translations planned. Mr. Lea's other works were "Chapters from the Religious History of Spain, Connected with the Spanish Inquisition," 1890; "A Formulary of the Papal Penitentiary in the Thirteenth Century," 1892; "A History of Auricular Confession and Indulgences," three volumes, 1896; "The Moriscos of Spain: Their Conversion and Expulsion," 1901; "A History of the Inquisition of Spain," four volumes, 1906-7; and "The Inquisition in the Spanish Dependencies," 1908. He found time also to engage in labors of social reform, and he was elected president of the Philadelphia branch of the American Social Science Association. In 1871, he helped to organize the Citizens' Municipal Reform Association, the aim of which is and has been to bring the public business to the same degree of efficiency and economy as is obtained by a private corporation. He was also president of the Reform Club and was an early advocate of civil service reform. In 1889 he made a liberal contribution to the Philadelphia library, and in 1892 he aided largely in founding a department of hygiene in the University of Pennsylvania by erecting, for it a laboratory.

Brevet-Col. Theodore Ayrault Dodge, U. S. A., retired, died at Versailles, October 26, in his sixty-eighth year. He was born at Pittsfield, Mass., and was a graduate of the University of London and of the law department of Columbian University. His military education he received in Berlin under Major-Gen. Von Frohreich of the Prussian army. He served as a volunteer throughout the civil war, receiving several wounds, and afterwards served in the Bureau of Enrolment in the paymaster's office, and in the regular army. He was a distinguished military writer, being the author of a "History of the Art of War," in twelve volumes; "The Campaign of Chancellorsville"; "Bird's-Eye View of Our Civil War"; "Patroclus and Penelope"; "Great Captains," and "Riders of Many Lands."

Lieut.-Gen. Oliver Otis Howard, U. S. A., retired, a distinguished veteran of our civil war, died at his home in Burlington, Vt., October 26, in his seventy-ninth year. He was a graduate of Bowdoin College and of the Military Academy at West Point. After the civil war he served in the Seminole campaign in Florida, and, at West Point, as a professor of mathematics. He was largely instrumental in establishing Howard University at Washington, and has served as its president and trustee. Gen. Howard was long a popular lecturer, and was the writer of a number of books, among them "Life of Agenor de Gasparin," "Life of Zachary Taylor," "Isabella of Castile," "Fighting for Humanity," "Our Wild Indians," and "Autobiography" (two volumes).

A former vice-president of the Société des Gens de Lettres, the novelist Charles Diguet, has died at Mantes, *ætat.* seventy-three years. He was born at Havre, and began his literary career with the publication of "Rimes de printemps." He was the author of many books on a variety of subjects; one of those on hunting, "Mémoires d'un lièvre," was crowned (1885) by the French Academy.

Science.

The Foundations of the Origin of Species. By Charles Darwin. Edited by his son, Francis Darwin. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons. $2.50.

This interesting volume comprises two essays written respectively in 1842 and 1844. The first is the more significant, and especially suggestive of the wonderful mind of the man; indeed, the second, while much longer, is avowedly only an elaboration of the 1842 sketch. This first essay, covering about fifty pages, while only now given to the public, was printed in an *édition de luxe* earlier in the year for presentation to the delegates of universities and societies who attended the celebration at Cambridge of the centenary of the birth of Charles Darwin. An account of the successful programme of this interesting occasion has already been given in the pages of the *Nation* (July 15). The significance of the occasion was enhanced not only by the presence of Darwin's three sons, but by the giving to the world of this unpublished digest of the principles, embodied seventeen years later in the most famous book of the last century. The finding of this was rather dramatic—a small package of manuscript being unearthed in a cupboard under the stairs at the house at Down long after the death of Darwin. We have had volumes tracing the growth of the ideas embodied in evolution, from the days of Anaximander and Aristotle, but in this short essay we first realize the last steps which led to the fully formed presentation in the "Origin." The editor has gone carefully over his father's manuscript, clearing up abbreviated sentences, tracing out almost illegible words, even reproducing phrases which have been crossed out and rewritten. From a perusal of this we realize more fully than ever before the great patience and the powerful concentration of thought which this pioneer brought to bear on the thousands of loose facts at his command. One by one they fell into place in the mosaic of his mind, and gradually formed the complete image which was given to the world. Almost nothing in his biography brings us into such intimate appreciation of Darwin's methods of work as this stray outline or "Foundation," cast aside and never intended for publication.

In regard to the elaborated second essay, while showing more finish than the hurried and condensed manner of the 1842 sketch, it yet gives the impression of an uncorrected MS. rather than of a proof-read book. It lacks much of the force and conciseness of the "Origin,"

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but is interesting as showing a "connecting link" of reasoning between the generalized theories of the first sketch and the splendidly rounded-out material in the "Origin."

In a letter to Mrs. Darwin, the author requests that, in the event of his sudden death, she will devote £400 to the publication of this second essay, thus showing a reluctance to publish it in its present state except as a final necessity.

The "Physical Laboratory Handbook," by George A. Hoadley (American Book Co.), and the "Laboratory Manual," by Charles F. Adams (American Book Co.), are designed respectively to accompany the authors' well-known preparatory texts. There is not much to choose between them, as the subject matter and its treatment are pretty much the same in each. They are fairly good, and will answer the needs of the ordinary school. It is something of a pity, if physical laboratories are to be maintained in preparatory schools, that the same excellence is not attained in this part of the subject as in chemistry. The reason is probably that physics does not lend itself readily to elementary laboratory instruction without considerable expense.

Ernst Haeckel, as the first work since his retirement from the Jena professorship of zoölogy, publishes a brochure entitled "Das Weltbild von Darwin und Lamarck" (Leipzig: Kröner). The purpose is to contrast the investigations and aims of the great English and the great French defenders of the evolutionary theory. He shows that the exact scientific methods of the author of the "Origin of Species" and the more or less fantastic ideas of the author of the "Philosophie zoöligique" have been the main facts in the popularity of the former and the comparative unpopularity of the latter. Haeckel's brochure is partly a plea for a better recognition of the merits of Lamarck.

The third edition of L. P. Gratacap's "Geology of the City of New York" (Holt) is enlarged, and is, besides, improved in appearance over its predecessors. An introductory chapter on North American geology in general has been inserted before the local descriptions, and much fuller treatment is given the boroughs outside of Manhattan Island. The reader for general information, the engineer seeking local details, and the teacher needing instruction and guidance for excursions with classes, will all find much of interest and value in the book. Since, however, this work is primarily intended for readers not specially skilled in geology, the treatment should have been somewhat simpler and clearer than we find it. There are, too, occasional lapses into a rather pedantic style, where such words as salic, femic, anamorphic, katamorphic, crenitic, and the like will only serve to mystify readers not learned in the science. Perhaps, if a fourth edition is called for, the author may be expected to remove these difficulties and to add an index.

News comes of the death of Hugh Blackburn, professor of mathematics at Glasgow University, 1849-1879. He was, with Lord Kelvin, an editor of Newton's "Principia," and was the author of a treatise on trigonometry.

Drama.

The production of Stephen Phillips's tragedy, "Herod," in the Lyric Theatre on Tuesday evening—whether it prove a financial success or not—may safely be set down among the most important and interesting dramatic events of the current season. All intelligent playgoers owe a debt of gratitude to Mr. William Faversham, whose praiseworthy ambition has given them an opportunity of witnessing a work of such fine literary and dramatic quality. To say that the representation was in every respect ideal would be a grave exaggeration, but it was generally adequate, often excellent, and in places exceedingly impressive. No prolonged description of the piece itself is necessary at this time. All students of the modern stage have been familiar with it, in printed form, since it first excited the admiration of the English critics some years ago. It is genuine tragedy of a very high order, dealing with certain incidents in the reign of the great Herod—connected with the killing of his wife, Mariamne, and her brother, the high priest, Aristobulus—in a vein of rare and passionate poetic imagination, but with sufficient regard for the known facts of history. The central figure of Herod, tempestuous in love, crafty and bold in council, swift and remorseless in suspicion, and imperial in the madness of despair, is depicted with vivid power. Mr. Faversham is incapable as yet of interpreting the king in the full measure of his heroic proportions, but his impersonation was intelligent, consistent, and picturesque, and marks an upward step in his professional career. It was deficient chiefly in elocutionary skill and in dignified gesture. The Mariamne of Miss Julia Opp was a distinctly capable performance, as was the Sohemus of Burton Churchill and the Salome of Olive Oliver. Mr. Cooper Cliffe did not grasp the possibilities of the part of Gadias. The blank verse, as was to be expected, proved a stumbling block to most of the performers, but if the rhythm and emphasis suffered, the meaning, as a rule, was preserved. The piece was lavishly and tastefully mounted, and several of the stage pictures were uncommonly beautiful. A more striking tableau than that of the stricken Herod standing rigid beside the bier of the dead Mariamne is not often seen upon the stage. The house was crowded, and the applause frequent and hearty.

The production of an English version of Henri Bernstein's play "Israel" in the Criterion Theatre, on Monday evening brought disappointment to those who expected to find in it a fresh and vital treatment of the Anti-Semitic agitation. The piece must have suffered badly at the hands of the adapter. At all events, in its present shape, it comes to a most feeble and conventional conclusion. Actually, the play is built around a particular situation, and probably originated from it, or rather from the idea that suggested it. The importance of it is far more theatrical than sociological. Thibault, a young French aristocrat, distinguished for his abilities, his charm, his energy and his hatred of all Jews, is resolved that the object of his especial detestation, one Gutlieb, a rich Hebrew banker and philanthropist, shall be socially obliterated. Therefore he insults him publicly in his club, fully intending to kill him in the duel which must follow. He thinks that he will thus do the Christian world a service. But his mother, the proud, venerated Duchess de Croucy, intervenes, and from her he learns, after an excruciating interview, that he is illegitimate, that the loathed Gutlieb is his father, and that he himself is also, therefore, a Jew. It is upon the scene in which this confession is made, or rather extorted, that the success of the play here must depend. Undoubtedly, the situation is a harrowing one, and it is elaborated with great ingenuity. But it is this very ingenuity, with all its transparent artifice and its multiplication of melodramatic device, that detracts from its tragic significance and its artistic value. The whole contrivance smacks too much of the theatre to impress any but the most unsophisticated playgoer with a sense of reality or reasonableness. In Paris, this scene was enacted by Madame Réjane, with great subtility and eloquence of feeling, and the effect was remarkable. The part of the mother is played here by Miss Constance Collier, a far less accomplished actress, whose effects are due more to physical prowess than intellectual or artistic suggestion. She roused a storm of applause by a fine burst of passionate abandonment. But all this has very little to do with Anti-Semitism. This, indeed, is discussed at great length in the first act, but with a careful observance of opposing prejudices which is more like managerial astuteness than philanthropic purpose. The latter certainly had nothing to do with the happy ending, in which Thibault, after saying that nothing was left for him but death or the cloister, finds happiness in the arms of a devoted girl, plainly provided as an afterthought, to secure a blissful curtain.

Rudolph Besier's "Don," which has been secured by the New Theatre management for New York production, has attained success in London, and seems to be a bright and original piece of work, with a significant moral behind its humorous fancies. Stephen Bonnington is full of generous impulse and apt to act upon it, without weighing consequences. Moreover, he is fearless. When, therefore, he hears that a young woman of his acquaintance is treated abominably by her husband—a dour old Second Adventist—he promptly carries her off to his own home, amid a variety of suspicious circumstances, and hands her over to his mother. With the arrival of the outraged husband, the situation becomes semi-tragic; but it does not end so. The rash hero explains to his betrothed that it is his love for *her* that has made him so chivalrous an admirer and defender of her sex; he finds a way, too, to deal with the angry husband. A generous idealism underlies the whole merry piece, and differentiates it from our imported farces, made over from French models.

The latest play by Björnstjerne Björnson is entitled "When New Wine is in Bloom," and the theme is the glorification of love and youth. A chorus is employed, as in classic drama, and serves as the background to love episodes, one being the reunion of a husband and wife who have lived apart. The play will be staged in due course at Copenhagen, the famous Danish actress, Mme. Hennings, playing the leading part.

On the withdrawal of the spectacular

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"Révolution française" from the stage of the Théâtre Sarah Bernhardt, the "Jeanne d'Arc" of Emile Moreau will be substituted. Rehearsals of this latter play are now in progress, and are said to have inspired the participants with an unusual degree of enthusiasm.

A chatty and very personal little book, entitled "Eugène Scribe, d'après sa correspondance avec Ernest Legouvé," has been compiled by Charles Martel and enlightens the reader as to the methods of dramatic collaboration the correspondents used. The construction of "Adrienne Lecouvreur," of "Les Doigts de fée," of the "Bastille des dames," etc., is treated in anecdotal style.

"Suzette," the new piece, by M. Brieux, now seen in Paris at the Vaudeville, is to be followed, in due season, by a play in four acts by M. Nozière. The playwright has drawn upon the novel by Paul Reboux, "La Maison de danses," for dramatic material, and his third act is described as being "une représentation dans la Maison de danses," with a hundred *figurants* in addition to the regular cast.

Music.

Standard Concert Repertory. By George P. Upton. Chicago: A. C. McClurg & Co. $1.75.

Mr. Upton is not particularly happy in the choice of titles for his books. Last year he prepared the "Standard Concert Guide," a handbook of symphonies, oratorios, cantatas, and symphonic poems, uniting under one cover, together with some new material, the contents of his earlier "Standard Symphonies," "Standard Oratorios," and "Standard Cantatas." There was a gain in convenience, undoubtedly. Now he appears with another volume in hand containing brief analyses of overtures, suites, symphonic poems, rhapsodies, fantasias, etc., in the modern concert repertory. Such a volume was much needed; but why call it the "Concert Repertory"? Would it not have been possible to find titles indicating that the "Guide" related to longer works, the "Repertory" to the shorter pieces?

There are no other reasons for finding fault with Mr. Upton's new book. The works chosen for analysis are selected judiciously and with catholic taste; the analyses are brief, lucid, and free from technical jargon or pedantic "parsing"; and concert-goers will be able to find here information regarding most of the concert pieces they are likely to hear. If anything, Mr. Upton is too liberal; there are a dozen or more compositions in his list that might have been left out without being missed. There are pictures of fifty-seven composers, three on a page, and as the arrangement is alphabetical, it results in some odd groups, such as Beethoven-Balfe-Balakireff, and D'Albert-Auber-Bach. An introductory chapter treats briefly of the different kinds of overtures and suites. It is interesting to note the names of the composers represented by the largest number of works: Beethoven, Berlioz, Dvorák, Grieg, D'Indy, Mendelssohn, Tchaikovsky, Wagner, Weber.

America gets not only the greatest European singers, but also the players, the best of whom give more concerts on this side of the Atlantic than on the other. Prominent among these best players is Fritz Kreisler, who is with us again, after an absence of a year. He gave his first recital last Saturday afternoon at Carnegie Hall, before an enthusiastic audience which filled the auditorium; and once more he showed that he has no superior, probably no equal, among living violinists. He shares the popularity of Paderewski, with whom he also has in common the contempt for mere display, the technical mastership, and the subjection of technique to expression. He is the most emotional of violinists, as Paderewski is of pianists; and he knows how to fill the hall without making the slightest concession. The ordinary violinist and pianist often wonder why high-class concerts do not pay as well as vaudeville or musical comedy. As a matter of fact, they do pay as well if the music is as adequately rendered as the low-class music usually is. The success of Kreisler and Paderewski proves this. Kreisler's programme included, as usual, some of those quaint eighteenth century tunes which he has exhumed. A Handel sonata and a Viotti concerto were also on his programme. He gives a second recital this week, on Saturday afternoon.

Oscar Hammerstein's preliminary season of what he called "educational opera" comes to an end at the Manhattan this week. It was confined entirely to French and Italian operas, which the public is supposed to favor particularly; but although the orchestra, chorus, and scenery were the same as those employed during the regular season, when seats cost more than double the prices asked during the preliminary weeks, the pecuniary results were so unsatisfactory that the manager has decided not to repeat the experiment. Some of the leading singers were quite good; but the New York public has shown many a time that it wants nothing but the best, and is willing to pay any price for that. It was also, no doubt, a mistake to begin so early; September and October are never likely to be good opera months here. The regular season at the Manhattan will begin on November 8, with the first performance in America of Massenet's "Hérodiade." After the American season, Mr. Hammerstein intends to take his company to Paris. The Metropolitan company also has announced that it has secured a theatre in Paris for a series of Italian performances next spring. With Caruso to head the list of singers there can be no risk involved in such an experiment. If it succeeds, the German wing of the Metropolitan will in the following spring give the Parisians a chance to hear the real Wagner.

Edward MacDowell wrote mostly for piano, voice, and orchestra. His admirers, however, have converted some of his compositions into chamber music. The latest of these arrangements consists of five of the "Woodland Sketches," which Julius Klengel has adapted for violoncello and piano. Arthur P. Schmidt of Leipzig and Boston, who publishes this novelty, has also recently printed a piano quintet by Mrs. Beach and a trio and a suite by Arthur Foote.

The first new opera of the present season of the Opéra Comique—which is the twelfth season of M. Carré as director—will be "Chiquito." These "scenes from Basque life," after Pierre Loti, have for their librettist Henri Cain, and the music is by Jean Nouguès. This will be the first opera of the composer to be sung in Paris.

Art.

A NEW EXHIBITION OF OLD MASTERS.

London, October 8.

The National Loan Collection at the Grafton Gallery is the first important show of the season. It is called "National," no doubt, because its profits are destined for the National Gallery Funds. The need is urgent. Love for art is not one of the average Briton's qualities, and for long he bore the loss of masterpieces with decent composure. The government's grants to the national collections are less than small—they are miserly; and private bequests do not go very far in an era of tremendous prices. The only hope seemed to be in some action on the part of the public, and already the National Art Collections Fund has been established on the lines of the French Society of the Friends of Art. The excitement last summer over the Duke of Norfolk's sale of his Holbein—the Duchess of Milan, which he had loaned to the National Gallery for so long that it was looked upon as national property—drove into a panic a good many people who had never before been interested in the problem. I believe that the present exhibition had then already been planned, but as it was to be held frankly "in aid of National Gallery Funds," the excitement probably attracted more attention to it and made it easier to obtain the loan of important works.

It is appropriate that the show should be of the old masters which its object is to save from the clutches of the barbarian. There has been no attempt to represent any one school or period, but rather to arrange a series of masterpieces of many schools and periods, and to supplement these with an equally fine series of drawings. The number in both cases is limited to about a hundred, for it is beginning to be understood that it is better to show a few pictures well than many badly. The selection, on the whole, is admirable, as it ought to be, the Royal Academy having long since prepared the way. The one great work the Royal Academy has accomplished in the last half century

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should not be forgotten, whatever its summer shows may be, for the winter exhibitions of old masters have often been of the utmost interest and splendor, and, if the more recent have proved less remarkable than the earlier, it is not to be wondered at. The supply of old masters in the country, though large, is not inexhaustible. The majority of those shown at the Grafton are already well known, and the great pleasure is in the opportunity given to see again masterpieces which, belonging to private collections, it is not always easy to see.

I confess that I went to the Exhibition with some misgivings. Pictures have seldom looked well in the Grafton, hitherto an over-decorated and poorly-lighted gallery. However, several members of the committee now in charge are also members of the International Society, and have inherited the Whistler traditions of arrangement and hanging. The gallery has been redecorated, and a much quieter scheme invented for it. The walls are now covered, in two rooms with gray, in the other two with a dull reddish gold that makes a neutral background. The pictures are never crowded, and each has around it the space which is as important to a framed painting as the margin to a print.

No strict chronological order has been observed: you must go into the third room before you come to the earliest work. Even here there are not many primitives, undue prominence not having been given to "the cock-eyed madonnas" in which the maker of attributions delights. Even as it is, the carefully compiled catalogue seems to challenge the Morellian to combat. After all, however, the masterpiece remains a masterpiece, and new attributions would not lessen the beauty of the Holy Women at the Sepulchre, now attributed to Hubert Van Eyck, from Sir Frederick Cook's collection. The color would not lose in brilliancy nor the design in fine dramatic lines, the towered and turreted mediæval town against the luminous sky would be as picturesque. More beautiful still and one of the most beautiful works in the whole collection, is the Holy Family with Donors by Carpaccio, lent by Lord Berwick. You almost resent finding it in a gallery, so clearly was it meant to decorate a certain definite space. The great Venetians who came later seldom exceeded the splendor of this harmony in brown and gold, seldom surpassed the rhythm of the lines and masses. The road winds along the hilly background, and down it the little figures of the Magi, each in rich robes on a richly caparisoned horse, are seen as they come riding from out of the distance to where the child lies low on the ground between the kneeling mother and the kneeling donors, a man and woman, who are devoutly worshipping; that both are portraits you are sure without knowing their names or who or what they were. The subject was one only too often painted by Carpaccio's contemporaries, but the master could create a masterpiece out of the most hackneyed theme. A Virgin and Child by Crivelli has not a little of the same decorative sumptuousness of color, and one can but feel how it must have glittered and glowed and shone in the place above the altar which originally it was intended to fill. These old masters never would have allowed their work to be seen, as we see it, separated from the surroundings for which they designed it, for they were, above all things, decorators. In this same room there are two portraits of the greatest distinction, about which there has already been much discussion: attributed by the present catalogue to Giorgione and to Titian, respectively. The first, known as the Temple-Newsam Giorgione, is the portrait of a youngish man; his face, clean-shaven, has both charm and power, and his pose, as he stands behind a parapet, his hat in one hand, his gloves in the other, is of great dignity; while the color throughout is quiet, with beautiful passages of sombre red in the sleeves. The Titian, which came up for sale three years ago at Christie's, represents an older man, whose face has less charm but whose pose is as dignified, and who wears a wonderfully painted fur-trimmed cloak. He has been described as Lorenzo de' Medici, but it makes little difference who he is, or who actually were the painters of two portraits of such rare nobility and distinction.

The many other pictures in this same group—by Luini, Ghirlandaio, the Maître des Moulins, Fra Lippo Lippi, Bellini—all have their interest, if not always artistic at least historical. There is another Giorgione, the subject of even hotter dispute, the large Adulteress Brought Before Christ, lent by the Glasgow Corporation; although the most disputed Giorgione of all is the Giovanni Onigo, in the adjoining room, already referred to by the critics as "the problem picture." There are also two characteristic Raphaels, the Cowper Madonnas, as they are called—characteristic, that is, of the popular Raphael; they might hang as pendants to the Sistine Madonna. Near them, however, is the group of Cardinal Ferry Carondelet and his Secretary, with such strong individuality expressed in each of the figures, even in the third who peers out from the shadows of the background, that, like his portraits in the Uffizi, it makes one wish that Raphael had left his followers to paint the Madonnas then in demand and had himself kept to portraiture.

The most distinguished feature of the largest room is a wonderful wall of portraits by Rembrandt and Frans Hals, only five in all, but each a masterpiece. The Man with a Hawk, from the Duke of Westminster's collection, so superb in its beautiful golden glow, and the Man with Close-Cropped Hair, loaned by Sir Edgar Vincent, that looks as if painted with a brush steeped in light, are the Rembrandts, and are so well known that it would be useless for me here to do more than mention them. The three Halses come from the Kann collection. Two are of men, both half-lengths and both severe in color, the black of the dress lightened only by collar and gloves. The third is of a woman, and is no less severe, the collar, cuffs, cap, and a handkerchief in her hands the sole relief to the severity. They are catalogued simply as Portrait of a Man, Portrait of a Burgomaster, Portrait of a Woman. But the portraits would gain nothing in interest if the name of each subject had survived. These men and women live for us as surely as if they had been identified. They have character in their faces, their pose, the way they carry off the fashions of the period; beauty in the expression of this character, the vivacity of the handling, the sense of design with which each is placed on the canvas. Hals was no less a master of decorative design than Carpaccio, though he used it for so different a purpose. The vigor of Hals's work sometimes blinds one to the delicacy of his detail. After this series of portraits, the Van Dycks on the opposite wall strike you as artificial and lifeless, and, indeed, finer examples might, without much trouble, have been chosen. Reynolds's Sterne, too, loses by the comparison; El Greco's portrait of his daughter seems but a decorative arrangement, and Goya's Duke of Wellington but the Spaniard's failure to paint an Englishman. Though portraits predominate, there is one beautiful though not entirely untouched Ver Meer, Soldiers and Laughing Girl, one of the gray interiors he loved, with two figures, and on the wall a marvellously painted map. In a large canvas like Rubens's Queen Tomyris with the Head of Cyrus, one looks for other qualities than Ver Meer's tenderness of tone and exquisiteness of surface; one finds them, too, in his tremendous vigor, dramatic action, swaggering pose, elaborate composition — the elaboration, perhaps, too evident—splendor of color. The flamboyancy and vitality of it put to shame the *machine* of the modern weakling. The handling is so masterly that one is inclined to agree with the critic quoted in the Catalogue, that all the principal figures are by the master himself, which cannot often be said of the pictures Rubens designed on so large a scale. Velasquez is not very well represented. His Water Carrier and Old Woman Frying Eggs are early works, their interest mainly biographical, and the small Portrait of a Man, never previously exhibited, is certainly not to be ranked with many of the other paintings by

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him, owned in England. More than one of the early Italians could have been spared for the masterpieces of the great Spaniard, and it is hard to understand the committee's apparent indifference to them.

The English pictures, with a few exceptions, have been hung together in the small octagon room, the first to be entered. Here, Reynolds towers, making up in a measure for the disappointment in his Sterne, where it faces the great Dutchmen. The most important pictures by him are the two large groups of The Dilettanti Society, painted with a straightforwardness not invariably inspired by the women who posed and languished for him. In both the color is perhaps a little forced, keyed up too high in an apparent and quite unsuccessful effort to vie with the golden glow of Rembrandt. But the figures are vivid and well arranged, and all the details are painted with a joy in the work that is unmistakable. These pictures should have a place in any and every exhibition where the eighteenth-century British painters are hung with the old masters of whom they were students and followers. I have space only to add that Gainsborough and Lawrence are also included; that Chardin, Nattier, and Watteau are represented, that El Greco's extraordinary Supper in the House of Simon hangs with the portrait of his daughter; that there are several of Rubens's fine sketches, and that Tiepolo appears as his rival with an enormous Finding of Moses, in color and design less flamboyant and vigorous, but subtler and, used as mural decoration, probably more decorative. If there is no landscape at all, it is simply because some sort of limit was necessitated by the available wall space.

No such limit was imposed in the selection of drawings, which almost all come from J. P. Heseltine's collection and are of the French school. The Claudes are many, chiefly in pen and sepia on white or tinted paper: notes, or rather elaborate drawings, of broad landscapes with classic buildings and placid waters, with goatherds and goats, with large graceful trees just where trees should be, and skies filled with light. Most of them are carried almost as far as his pictures, a few are simply studies and not one more marvellous for the etching than the carefully worked out two ships in a storm, The Shipwreck, a proof of his scrupulousness as student as well as skill as draughtsman. The Watteaus, dainty, and learned in their daintiness, are still more numerous. There are fewer Fragonards, but these few have no less grace and even greater freedom, and the slightest are proofs of the invariable knowledge of his craft and sense of style. There are also Bouchers, Largillières, and Lancrets, and originals by Gravelot and Moreau le Jeune, who are better known in engravings; and, finally, this marvellous collection is brought down to David and Bailly, Ingres, and Géricault.

The Exhibition will remain open four months. It seems one of the little ironies of life that the Englishman who patronizes it will be giving freely to the government in alms, even while the country is fighting over the means to force him to give to the government in tax.

N. N.

"The Art of the Belgian Galleries," by Esther Singleton, is the ninth volume in the Art Galleries of Europe series, and is to be issued by L. C. Page & Co. on October 30.

Five more volumes in the International Art series are promised for autumn publication. Edgar Degas is treated by Georges Grappe, the Great English Masters by Fritz Stahl, Eugène Delacroix, and Auguste Rodin by Camille Mauclair and Gustave Kahn, respectively, while Fritz Boehle, a young German artist of remarkable distinction, whose work is not yet widely known, is the subject of a volume by Rudolf Klein (Unwin).

The frontispiece of the September number of the *Burlington Magazine* is a Madonna and Child, by Fra Angelico, recently purchased by J. Pierpont Morgan from the collection of the King of the Belgians. It is said to be "the only single picture known of the painter's last Roman period," and should be a revelation, to many, of the serious artistic accomplishment of the Frate, while it has all the devotional feeling and sweetness of his earlier works. The rest of the number, both text and illustrations, is devoted almost wholly to the minor arts, such as French Renaissance furniture, Sheffield plate, Kentish chests, crewel-work hangings, and Oriental pottery. The important exception is an article by E. B. Havell on "The Symbolism of Indian Sculpture and Painting."

Volume XXVII of the *International Studio* (John Lane Co.), including the numbers for July, August, September, and October of 1909, is "true to type;" being something halfway between a popular magazine and a serious technical publication. It is profusely illustrated, has a patchy air which comes from short articles and a poor decorative sense in the printing of the page and the spacing of illustrations, and deals with current art production, good, bad, and indifferent, pretty fully. It is not quite popular, because it prefers art that is new or startling or significant to that which is pleasing; not quite serious, because its criticism is seldom written by persons of real competence and never written for real students. What it presents, at best, is a popular account of unpopular art, and where the art is good as well as unpopular (which is sometimes the case, though not so often as the unpopular artists would have us believe), such an account has its uses.

A Greek marble, "the most beautiful statue in the world," has been snatched from "the envious greed of foreign millionaires" and from "finding a place in some enormous collection of recent antiquities and bastard chefs-d'œuvre," and placed in the Museo delle Terme, at Rome. This statue, popularly known as La Fanciulla di Anzio, represents a girlish figure standing turned a little towards the left, her head slightly bent downward, her hair knotted over the forehead. She wears an *himation* and a *chiton*, which falls, leaving the right shoulder bare. She seems intent on some objects on a large disk which she supports with her left hand. The attitude suggests the presence of another figure. It is not clear whether she represents a priestess or some mythological character, but she is full of the warmth and truth of beautiful youth and of fine Attic grace. This statue was discovered in December, 1879, when a heavy storm caused a landslide in the Grotto of Nero on a farm belonging to Prince Ludovico Aldobrandini-Chigi, at Anzio. The waves exposed a wall of reticulated bricks, with a niche, covered with stucco, in which this statue was still standing. It had been seen by only a few foreign archæologists until an application for permission to export called the government's attention to it, and resulted in its purchase (it is reported) for 450,000 lire.

From Paris comes news of the death of Henri Bellery-Desfontaines, a landscapist, and of Edmé Antony Paul Noël ("Tony Noël"), a well-known sculptor. M. Desfontaines was but forty-two years of age, and was an artist of varied talents. Tony Noël was a professor at the Beaux-Arts, and a former recipient of the Prix de Rome, being a pupil of Lequesne, Guillaume, and Cavelier. He was in his sixty-fifth year.

Finance.

THE BANK OF ENGLAND AND WALL STREET.

Last Thursday's advance of the Bank of England's official discount rate to 5 per cent. was one of those events which cause a flutter of interest throughout the financial world. In the first place, a 5 per cent. English bank rate before the close of October is unusual. Except for 1906, this is the first year in which the rate has gone to that figure at such a date since London's "Boer War panic" of 1899, and 1899 was the first year in which it had been reached in October since the "Baring panic" of 1890. Even this, however, is not the chief consideration. The Bank of England rate has been raised this month in three successive weekly advances, from the 2½ per cent. rate which prevailed up to October 7, to the 5 per cent. rate of last week. So rapid and violent an advance, though not unparalleled in the Bank's recent history, is quite out of the ordinary.

The particular interest which our own market takes in the Bank of England's action arises from a more or less prevalent idea that the Bank had entered the field expressly to curb the American stock speculation. Now the average man will be apt to ask what business it is of the Bank of England whether Wall Street

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chooses to gamble excitedly in securities or not, and what right a London institution has to force high money rates on its own market, with a view to impeding speculative operations three thousand miles away. To answer this, a brief review of very recent financial history is necessary. Throughout the past five or six months, a stock speculation of extraordinary violence has been raging on the New York and Berlin markets. Six weeks ago, the Imperial German Bank at Berlin took official cognizance of this specu'ative situation. During the last half of September and the first half of October, that bank raised its official discount rate from 3½ to 5 per cent., and its president plainly stated at the time his belief that absorption of capital in the Berlin stock speculation was seriously impairing bank resources, and declared his purpose of checking that speculation by making it more costly.

This effort at Berlin appears to have been reasonably successful. But the German bank's position was in some respects peculiar. Its weekly statements showed plain evidence of an extraordinary strain; at the time it made its second advance in rate, the actual status of the bank was the weakest in many years. Its so-called "emergency note circulation" had reached, that week, the largest total in its history. This was not the situation at the Bank of England. Even its statement of last Thursday, submitted when the 5 per cent. rate was fixed, showed the ratio of reserves to liabilities in the London bank to be not far from the usual average at this time of year, and its stock of gold to be as large as it has been at this date in several recent years.

It was at the opening of autumn that the rise in prices on our Stock Exchange reached its pitch of especial violence. Now, ordinarily, speculation halts on the approach of autumn. Experience has shown that when the crop-moving season comes and Western banks have abundant use for their funds at home, their New York balances will be heavily drawn upon. The prudent speculator always reckons, therefore, on a period of restraint until the harvest movement is completed. No such restraint was in any sense exhibited this autumn. The speculation, converging as it did on shares of the Steel Corporation, grew to wholly abnormal proportions; prices continued to move up by leaps and bounds. Not only did the stock market as a whole show signs of feverish activity, but the Steel shares alone, on days when total transactions in all stocks on the Exchange exceeded a million shares, made up at times no less than 40 per cent. of that enormous trading.

In accordance with experience, the interior banks began some weeks ago to call home their New York funds; as a consequence of this, and of the rapidly mounting liabilities, surplus reserves of the New York associated banks approached exhaustion. It was under such conditions, three weeks ago, that our bankers entered the London money market with exceptionally large demands for funds on the basis of Stock Exchange collateral. In a single week, when the local situation ought to have been expanding New York bank loans, the bank statement at the end of the week, showed $49,000,000 loan reduction —a contraction greater than had ever before been witnessed in this city. This meant unquestionably that an enormous sum of credits had been shifted from New York to London, as an alternative to actual liquidation of loans in speculative Wall Street.

Here was the phase of the situation, which is alleged in Europe to have had its part in inspiring the Bank of England to mark up its discount rate, and thereby raise the general London money rate for restrictive purposes. Wall Street inquires exactly why the Bank should feel compelled to meddle in a borrowing operation in which the London lender and the American borrower equally profess themselves to be content. The answer probably will be found in the experience of both markets during 1906 and 1907.

In the earlier of those two years, an equally extensive borrowing operation on the London market, to support a Wall Street speculation, had created a huge foreign credit for American account. Things did not go well in the United States. The New York money market fell into disorder, deficits in bank reserves occurred, and the holders of these London credits promptly drew on them in the form of gold, draining the London market in enormous sums and impairing seriously the Bank of England's gold reserve at the most awkward moment of the year. In 1907, a somewhat similar result ensued, emphasized by the panicky nature of the American demands.

To all such reasoning on the question, it is frequently replied, on Wall Street and in certain quarters of financial criticism, that the American speculation cannot really have cut a figure in the Bank of England's action, and that the Bank itself must be frightened about its power of maintaining a sufficient gold reserve, and is doubtful as to the future situation of the London market. But nothing could very well beg the question more completely. Even granting that such a delicate situation had arisen or was anticipated on the London market, what would be said of a central institution which did not then employ all its power to obstruct a sudden and large demand on home resources by foreign borrowers, whose demands had no other basis than an extravagant Stock Exchange speculation?

BOOKS OF THE WEEK.

American Foreign Policy. By a Diplomatist. Houghton Mifflin. $1.25 net.
Archibald, R. C. Carlyle's First Love, Margaret Gordon Lady Bannerman. Lane Co. $3.50 net.
Arnold, G. W. A Mother's List of Books for Children. Chicago: McClurg.
Bacon, J. D. In the Border Country. Doubleday, Page. $1.
Bailey, L. H. The Nature-Study Idea. Third edition, revised. Macmillan. $1.25 net.
Beard, A. F. A Crusade of Brotherhood: a History of the American Missionary Assn.; The Story of John Frederic Oberlin. 2 vols. Pilgrim Press. $1.25 net each.
Bell, L. The Concentrations of Bee. Boston: Page & Co.
Beruete, A. de, and others. Eight Essays on Joaquín Sorolla y Bastida. 2 vols. The Hispanic Society of America. $7.50 net.
Blaisdell, M. F. Polly and Dolly. Little, Brown. 60 cents.
Britton, W. The White Slavery: A Study of the Present Trades Union System. Akron, O.: The Werner Co.
Brown, A. F. John of the Woods. Houghton Mifflin. $1.25.
Buffington, B. E., and others. The Circus Book for Children. Sanborn & Co.
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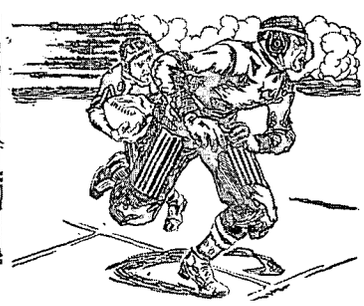

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